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LINES

Recited at the Exhibition of the Blind at the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va. Jan. 23, 1838, by Joseph B. Smith, a blind boy.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The bird that never tried his wing
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prison'd in a narrow cage—
Till his bright feathers droop with age.
So I, though never bless'd with sight,
Shut out from Heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours and days and years enjoy—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note
'Midst shady groves, by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams:
But he may gaily flutter round,
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song, for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

Oh, may I not as happy dwell
Within mine unillumined cell?
May I not leap and sing and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the skies, the sea—
The earth was never green to me:
Then why, oh why should I repine
For blessings that were never mine?

Think not that blindness makes me sad—
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad:
Parents I have, who love me well—
Their different voices I can tell:
Though far and absent, I can hear
In dreams their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one we love?

I cannot see my father's face;
But on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brow of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee—
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile—
Her gentle tones my heart beguile;
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not, my mother dear—
But sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day,
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends and all;
To answer to their sudden call—
To join the ring—to speed the chase—
To find each playmate's hiding-place—
To pass my hand across his brow
To tell him—I could do it now.

Yet though delightful flew the hours,
So pass'd in Childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now since I've learn'd to read and write,
My heart is fill'd with new delight;
And music too—can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,
Am I not like that captive bird?
I live in song, in peace and joy—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

For the New Yorker.

The Smith Papers.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF CARINTHIA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

My sudden encounter with Fenella, strange as it may appear, did not surprise me. So strong had been my impression that I should meet with her again, that often in passing the street or promenading the Glacis, I persuaded myself that I recognized in the bright eye and well turned form of some beautiful Viennese, the fair peasant of Carinthia.

The next day I returned to the house which I had seen her enter. I found that it was occupied by several tenants; and all the information I could glean from the porter was, that a stranger had hired apartments in the house some three weeks before, but had left on the very morning of my encounter with Fenella. My further inquiries were fruitless, and I was obliged to abandon the pursuit.

My letters to our resident minister, Lord ———, had given me the entry to the fashionable society of the metropolis. The gay season was now approaching: the Emperor and his court returned from Baden and took up their residence in the city, and Vienna became once more the scene of gaiety.—Balls, masques and soirees followed each other in rapid succession. Of the many I attended none were more brilliant than the masqued ball of the Prince de ———. The throng of carriages, as we approached the palace, was immense, and its hundred illuminated windows gave it a singular and beautiful appearance. After patiently waiting our turn we at last found ourselves beneath the vast portico. As the door was opened by the liveried servitor a strain of the most delicious music fell on the ear, and beyond, through the vast hall, were seen the gay masquers moving to the measure of the enlivening waltz. Having arranged my mask and domino, I passed on and soon was mixing among the crowd.

"Salve, fair sir," said a venerable Carmelite addressing me, whose whitened locks and bent form gave him the appearance of an octogenarian.

"Good even, worthy father," I replied, "methinks this gay scene but ill becomes one of thy age and sanctity."

"You speak truly my son, but I am a philosopher and study human nature. Many a useful lesson is to be learned here. Pass thy arm in mine and we will look upon the crowd. See you yon juggler whose tricks have attracted such a number around him, and who under the pretence of telling the fortunes of others gleans the history of all? He is the favorite of the hour and all feel delighted with him. If they but knew him as I do they would shun him as if he were a serpent! He is an agent of the police. Beyond is one habited as a peasant who passes unnoticed, and whose unpretending manner is in keeping with his humble garb. He boasts of one of the proudest names of Austria; it is the Prince de ———. That young Silistrian who moves so gracefully through the waltz, and whose every action speaks simplicity of character, is his wife. See what a smile of graceful acknowledgment she bestows upon each one who purchases her little trinkets; you would think she never breathed other air than that of her native hills. She beside her, glittering in jewels, whose train is borne by pages and who looks a Queen, is her attendant. That ragged mendicant tottering upon his staff, is the wealthiest man in Austria, while the gay courtier at his side, in that rich ermine dress, is a bankrupt. The motley fool is one of the best poets of the day, and the sage at his right hand is one of the silliest men in Vienna. Thus, my son, is it with human nature; life is but a masque; we mix with the world but know nothing of its real character; remove the disguise and it startles all save the few who trouble themselves to look beneath the surface."

The evening passed gaily; the numerous characters were well sustained; and the lively sally, the repartee and the laugh were heard around. Many a bright eye pierced from beneath a mask whose glance, although unknown, carried many a heart captive.

There is an expression in the dance. With what a soul your Germans waltz! To an Englishman 'tis but a pleasure; but with a German 'tis the enthusiasm of enjoyment. One fair creature attracted my attention; the mask nearly concealed her features, but the fine forehead and the dark eye were exposed. She had just left her companion in the waltz, and

"———— on her face, the dyes
Were yet warm with the dance's exercise."

She was habited as a Bohemian.

"Shall I read your fortune?" said she, addressing me.

"It can but be a fair one," said I, "when told by so pretty a prophetess."

"'Tis a chequered palm. These lines speak of danger, but if you have courage you will pass safely through it all. Will you buy a talisman against all ills?"

I purchased a pair of tablets.

"When you are alone," said she, "observe them carefully; they are of more value than you think of."

Saying this she passed on. The earnestness with which this was spoken excited my curiosity, and passing into an adjoining room, I carefully examined them and found, traced in small characters, these words:—

"You are in danger; even in Vienna your life is not safe. In seeking to betray another you have invited the stiletto. Meet me in the garden at midnight; I will explain all."

I at first thought it a mere ruse to alarm me; but recollecting that I had that very morning detailed to the police the particulars of my adventure in the mountains of Carinthia, and urged upon the Government the necessity of destroying that nest of brigands, I could not but think that some of their confederates were in Vienna. This strange summons; who could be its author? Was it not some design to betray me into danger? A moment's reflection convinced me my fears were groundless. The garden of the palace was public, and even at that hour carefully guarded: I resolved to keep the appointment.

As the clock tolled the hour of midnight, I descended the flight of marble steps that led from the palace. The gardens were beautifully illuminated with many thousand various colored lamps, and transparencies of the most fanciful devices were tastefully arranged along the walks. The moon was at its full, and without the aid of the lamps would have rendered every thing distinctly visible. I passed many of the gay masquers who had left the ball-room to breathe the refreshing air: Many were in strange contrast. The hooded monk was breathing his vows to some fair princess, who listened eagerly to his impassioned eloquence, while a humble peasant supported a Delphic priestess, who probably, for the moment, was inspired by love. I passed on without meeting with the object of my search, and paused in a remote part of the Garden. It was a lovely spot; before me was a marble fountain, its spray glittering in the moonlight; while in the distance was the illuminated palace, from which came at intervals a subdued sound of music and revelry. I was seated on one of the benches idly listening to the sound of the falling spray, when I observed a female passing down the avenue. It was my fair Bohemian.

"You are true to your appointment my fair protectress," said I, "for such I must call you since you seek to preserve me from ill; but were the poisoned chalice to be offered by so fair a hand, I could scarce refuse it."

"Signor," said she, in an earnest manner, "trifle not; you are in danger—I seek to save you. Your life is sought by those who will leave no means untried to effect their purpose. Fly from Vienna, if possible, this very night."

"Before I obey such a strange summons," I replied, "I must know the fair prophetess who warns me of impending ill."

"Concealment is unnecessary, signor; we have met before." She removed her mask. It was Fenella.

"Fenella!" I exclaimed with some surprise.

"Yes, signor, Fenella."

"But how," I inquired, "is it I see you in Vienna? How know you of my danger?"

"It matters not," she replied; "I have warned you—solemnly warned you. I speak the truth; if you fly not you are lost. You have sympathized with me; you have shown an interest in my fate, and I would not that harm should come to you."

"Fenella," said I "these strange circumstances do not surprise me: 'tis you that have been deceived—betrayed. Pause before it is too late. You stand more in need of protection than I do. Let me have the satisfaction to rescue you from this lawless man, and I will gladly quit Vienna."

"Signor," she replied, "I have told you it cannot be. I have warned you; farewell."

"Stay one moment," I exclaimed, but she was gone.

On my return to the palace I found the venerable Carmelite, who again accosted me, but in far different tones from what he had previously done.

"I hope you have profitted by your lesson in philosophy," said he, "though it doubtless was received with more respect from a Carmelite father, than it would have been from a less sanctified person."

Saying this he removed the venerable locks and mask and discovered the features of my friend Cappellati.

The temptations of the evening were so great that we dismissed our carriage and resolved to return on foot to the city. Cappellati was unusually serious; and on my inquiring the cause, informed me that he had encountered a strange mask whose voice and form reminded him of his poor sister.

"It may have been imaginary," said he, "but I could scarce persuade myself but that she still lived, and that we should meet again. Yes," he repeated with enthusiasm, "we will meet again hereafter."

The state of mind of my companion did not admit of much conversation, and we walked on in silence until I left him at his lodgings. The streets were entirely deserted, and I felt a sensation of loneliness as I passed on toward the Glacis. I saw no one moving o'er this extensive promenade; everything was hushed to a death-like stillness. I stopped for a moment to admire one of its picturesque temples, when I felt myself suddenly seized by two ruffians. I strove to resist them, but in vain. The bright blade of a stiletto glistened in the moonlight, and a moment after I felt the steel pierce my side. I knew from the numbness that came over me that it had done its work. Every object appeared to be moving around me. I felt a singular sensation of lightness; my limbs refused to support me and I fell heavily upon the ground. I lay for a few moments insensible, and it was with difficulty that I again opened my eyes. Myriads of bright stars were glittering in the sky; the moon had assumed a singular appearance, and glared fearfully upon me. I felt a dull heavy pain in all my limbs; the blood was flowing freely from my side; respiration became difficult; every moment added to the dimness of surrounding objects; my eyelids grew heavy. I had but a time to murmur a short prayer ere I became insensible from loss of blood.

When I recovered I found myself in my own room at the hotel, and around me was all the paraphernalia of a sick chamber. At my bed-side I found Capellatti, where he had been a constant attendant during my illness. I was about to speak but he motioned me to be silent. I felt a stiffness in all my limbs, and had scarcely the power to move. A mirror hung opposite to my bed, and I was startled at my own shadow. I could scarcely recognize the emaciated being whose image was reflected in the glass; I was reduced almost to a skeleton. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to converse, Capellati informed me that I had been discovered on the Glacis by the night-watch, weltering in my blood. A card upon my person informed them of my residence, and I was carried to the hotel upon a litter. Information had been immediately sent to one of the best surgeons in Vienna, to whose skill I was indebted for my life. I had lain for days in a state of insensibility, the physician scarcely indulging a hope of my recovery. My symptoms, however, at last assumed a more favorable appearance, and I was now considered free from danger; but still the strictest care was necessary, and I was enjoined not to use the slightest exertion.

Every effort had been, made but no traces had been discovered of the assassins. Suspicion fell upon a person who had been for some time under the surveillance of the police: He left Vienna the next morning after the attempted assassination, and had been traced as far as the town of Murau. The affair had created much excitement, and no effort was wanting on the part of the Government to discover its authors. My recovey was slow and tedious, and it was near a month before I was able to leave my room; when I did so the sensation was delightful; the pure air exhilerated me; I felt a sense of buoyancy I had not known for years—'twas a feeling I had been a stranger to since boyhood. As my strength gradually increased I extended my walks to the neighboring gardens; Capellati was my constant campanion. The anxious solicitude he had shown toward me increased our friendship, and I regarded him as a brother. I was ever an attentive listener to the outpourings of his enthusiasm. He was one of those restless beings who need a constant excitement; he pined in inactivity.

"To me," said he, "this monotonous life is tedious: the mind becomes satiated with this constant round of pleasure. What interest can one feel in this gay and heartless throng? One who has feelings above the crowd must live alone; they have no sympathies in common with him. How insignificant appear the contests in which they are engaged. Instead of being actuated by a spirit of noble emulation, each strives by petty intrigue to lift himself above his neighbor."

Rumors of robberies in the mountains of Carinthia had now become so frequent, that the Government was at last aroused from its lethargy, and a considerable force was ordered to be sent against them. One morning I was visited by Capellati; he was in much better spirits than usual, and informed me that he had been appointed to the command of the expedition.

"I shall regret," said he, "to leave you, but I have been so long idle that any service is acceptable to me."

"Not so," I replied, "my services may be of some use to the Government, and I shall certainly offer them."

Two motives influenced me in this resolve; one was an ardent desire for revenge, as I now had no doubt but that it was the hand of Stephano which had nearly deprived me of life. My passions had been so much excited by Guerilla warfare, as never to allow me to suffer the slightest injury without sooner or later seeking retaliation. This feeling has often hurried me into actions which I have since deeply regretted; but in this case I easily found an excuse in thinking that I was aiding the cause of justice. Another feeling, and far the better of the two, was to seek for, and if possible, save the fair Fenella, whom I was too well convinced could be no other than the companion of the lawless chief of the marauders. The Government were easily persuaded to accept of my services and I was appointed to a post of some honor in the expedition.

It was a brilliant sight as that gay cortege left Vienna. The fine uniform of the Austrian army, and the martial appearance of the men as they marched to the music of the military band, with the proud standard of Austria waving above them, produced an inspiring effect. The Glacis was crowded with spectators, among whom were many friends and relatives of our little band, who repeatedly cheered us as we passed. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears as it recognized some dear one departing on a service of danger, perhaps destined never to return. As we ascended the neighboring hill we turned and cast a parting look upon Vienna. There it lay as bright and beautiful as when I first beheld it from the very spot a few short months before. As we were encumbered with but little baggage we marched rapidly, and bivouacked the first night twenty-five miles from Vienna. We were every where hospitably received by the inhabitants; and at the end of the fourth day we entered Marau. Capellati and myself, together with the officers, were quartered at the Inn where we had first met. The landlord appeared delighted at again seeing us; he inquired the object of our expedition and manifested a lively interest in everything relating to it.

The object of the expedition had been kept as secret as possible. The soldiers were prohibited from all communication with the peasantry; and the officers had observed the strictest silence. Our object was, if possible, to surprise the robbers in their strong-hold. Having been shown into a private room, Capellati informed us that he had received orders to arrest several persons in the town of Murau, who were supposed to be in the interest of the banditti; and among others, much to our surprise, he named the master of the Inn. The officers having disposed themselves so as to give an air of as great solemnity as possible to the proceedings, the landlord was sent for. He came with the usual bland smile upon his countenance, but appeared uneasy as he cast his eyes around the room.

"Your pleasure, gentlemen?" said he.

"We are charged with a disagreeable task," said Capellati, addressing him, "but at times the best of subjects fall under the displeasure of the state; such is the case with you my worthy host, and I am commissioned to arrest you."

At these words the landlord turned pale, but a moment after recovered his self-possession.

"You do but jest, signior Capellati, and if you do not further want me I must attend to my other guests."

Saying this he turned to leave the room, but was met at the door by the bayonets of two of the troupe, who had been stationed in the passage.

"You are now convinced," said Capellati, "that I do not jest. This list of suspected persons, which is furnished by the police, contains your name. We have good proof that you are in league with the banditti. We offer you the alternative, either to be put upon your trial, or at once, by giving us information concerning the robbers, save your own life and receive the reward that has been offered for the apprehension of their chief. Remember, if you are found guilty, this death warrant, signed by the Emperor's own hand, will be filled with your name."

The poor fellow for a moment was bewildered, and looking anxiously at Capellati, in whose stern countenance he found no hope, he trembled violently and at length fell on his knees.

"I accept your pardon," he faltered, "and will reveal all."

"You have chosen well, said Capellati, "and your life is safe; but there is one service we shall require of you; you must guide us to the retreat of the brigands in the mountains; if you are faithful your reward shall be doubled, if not your life must pay the forfeit."

To this, though with some reluctance, he consented, and after a long conference with Capellatti he was placed in custody for the night.

The next morning, the one appointed for the expedition, the sun rose brilliantly and gave token of a fine day. With our gossiping landlord, who, carefully guarded, now acted as guide, we began our march. At mid-day we reached the foot of the mountains, and a turn suddenly brought us into a narrow defile. The scenery was extremely wild. The hill appeared as if rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature; each side was entirely devoid of vegetation; large masses had been from time to time detached, and the vast avalanches had nearly choked up the pass. It was with difficulty we climed over the heaps of earth in our toilsome ascent. After these impediments had been surmounted the prospect was cheerless. We were surrounded by mountains of the primitive rock, whose precipitous sides rose to a fearful height, overhanging us and nearly shutting out the sun. Circling their base ran a mountain stream white with foam, and lashed into fury by the impediments in its course; its loud roar was occasionally broken by the shrill scream of some bird of prey, as he made his gyrations in the air. A gallery ran beneath a ledge of rocks so narrow as not to admit of but one person passing at a time; we clung to their side, and with difficulty threaded the narrow passage; it ended in a small table rock, beyond which it was impossible to proceed. Capellati, who followed our guide, now pointed his pistol to his ear.

"Wretch," he exclaimed, "you have deceived us."

"No, signor, as I hope for mercy; reach but yon opposite ledge and you are safe."

"But how? It is impossible!"

"The tree, signor—the tree," said he, pointing to one above which had fallen across the chasm, and whose branches rested on the opposite side. Closely followed by Capellatti, he clambered up the rocks, and a few moments afterwards they were seen far above us crossing upon its narrow trunk. It was a fearful sight—the tree trembled beneath their weight, and a single false step would have been fatal. They disappeared, but soon were seen upon the opposite side. It was with difficulty the men could be persuaded to follow; one by one they passed and reached the opposite ledge in safety. The path now became comparatively easy. We were descending into a small amphitheatre; the sides of the hills were loaded with vegetation. It was early spring, and numerous wild flowers filled the air with fragrance.

"We must proceed silently," said our guide; "in a few moments we shall be upon them." We trod noiselessly as we descended, until we had nearly reached the plain. "Rest here," said he to Capellati, almost in a whisper; "I will descend, and when they are deep in the revel, I will return."

He left us, and in a few moments after, we heard a shout of recognition from those below. The spot was well chosen; a range of low trees effectuallyconcealed us. Below was one of the loveliest spots of verdure my eye ever rested upon. Around were scattered rude huts; while, seated in groups in different parts of the valley, were the brigands, variously employed: some in games of chance, others in drinking, or listening to some merry carol. One of them, evidently their leader, was in close conversation with our guide. We waited for near an hour, but he did not return. We could distinctly hear every word that was spoken. The sun had disappeared, and night was fast approaching. The impatience of the men could no longer be restrained; an involuntary movement created a slight noise, and attracted the attention of those below; their leader suddenly seized our guide:

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "you have betrayed us!—take your reward!"

The report of a pistol followed, and the poor fellow bounded from the earth, and fell lifeless at his feet. A loud volley was poured in upon them, creating dreadful havoc. They were thrown into confusion by this unexpected attack, but soon returned our fire. Our protected situation effectually screened us, and our loss was inconsiderable; while with us every shot told, and many a brigand fell beneath our deadly aim. A sharp fire was kept up for some time; but seeing the disadvantage at which they fought, that of the brigands gradually slackened, and when the smoke cleared away, none except the dead and wounded were seen upon the plain. It required all the efforts of the officers to keep the men, who had become excited by the conflict, from abandoning their position. A short interval of dreadful silence followed. We knew not from what quarter to expect their fire.

"Surely," said Capellati, "they will not attempt to dislodge us?"

It was so. The brigands, who had misculculated our force, were seeking to gain an ascent immediately above us; to do this, it was necessary for them to pass within a hundred feet of our station. Fortunately, we observed them ere they had gained it; a moment after, it would have been too late.

"They must not gain the ascent;—charge!" cried Capellati in a voice of thunder.

This was responded to by a loud shout from the men, and we were soon closely engaged in the fight. The carnage was dreadful; each one selected his opponent, and the contest was for life or death. It was the fate of Capellati to encounter their chief, and he sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger. They grappled, and rolled together on the sward. For a moment the struggle was doubtful; at length Capellati was uppermost, and fixing his knee firmly on the breast of the brigand chief, buried his dagger in his heart. The fall of their leader was the signal for flight. The few who survived the fight were hunted to their rocky fastnesses, and captured.

I had noticed a female during the conflict, who had been actively employed in encouraging the brigands. As soon as their chief was slain, she sprang forward and sank upon her knees beside him, at the same time casting an imploring look upon Capellati. It was Fenella. Capellati slowly raise his eyes from the face of the brigand, and fixed them upon her. Never shall I forget his tones, as he exclaimed—

"*God of Heaven!—my sister!*"

ON PARTING.

'Twas beautiful—when golden stars
Were from their dome of sapphire beaming,
And burnish'd clouds, like silvery cars,
Were on their lustrous pathway gleaming—
To look upon *one* mild, sweet face,
To gaze on one angelic form,
Where life and loveliness and grace
Blend like rich colors soft and warm:
'Twas witchery to hear the tone
Of one I loved, the fondest, nearest—
Breathed, sweetly breathed to me alone,
By lips whose music was the dearest:
And oh, 'twas ecstasy to feel,
Swayed by the gently-stirring air,
Coolly against my forehead steal
The soft folds of her flowing hair,
When tenderly she leaned her cheek
To meet Love's pure and fervent token,
And strove with faltering voice to speak
The syllable which I had spoken!—
But then to part! to part when Time
Had wreathed his tireless wing with flowers,
And thrown the richness of a clime
Of Faery o'er this land of ours:
When glistening leaves and shaded streams
In the rich light of Autumn lay,
And like the music of our dreams
The wandering breezes seemed to stray!
When bright as thy love-speaking eye,
The diamond water sparkling free,
We saw on Evening's fading sky
The blue isles lifted from the sea;
'Twas bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad thought that we must part,
And, like some deeply-uttered spell,
To whisper that hushed word 'Farewell!'

HERMION.

For the New-Yorker.

ODDS AND ENDS.

BY A REMNANT OF MORTALITY.

I.

WHAT A NERVOUS age we live in! It seems as if the whole religious, social and political world had taken too strong an infusion of new doctrines and opinions, and the consequence has been to destroy the even and steady working of the functions of the moral body, and to substitute an uneasy, convulsive mode of operation. We go by jerks from the cradle to the grave; and as for any sustained or long-continued action, we seem to have lost the power of performing it. We do not even think steadily; and he who would engage our thoughts in any particular subject must present it to us by bits, so that our intellectual digestion may not be tasked beyond its powers. It is to this that the periodical literature of the day owes its prosperity; and hence, monthly, weekly and daily publications sprinkle all over the land the waters of knowledge, which in former days only flowed in the deep channels of huge quartos. Wisdom now droppeth, like the dew, on all; but in the old time before us, every man had to toil in search of her well of living water; but then, indeed, when he found it, he drew thence by the buckets full. We, however, like thirsty wanderers through the wilderness who spread abroad their clothes that they may catch and wring from them a little moisture, cover the earth with our sheets of paper, and even then gather but little wholesome drink. We publish hourly, periodicals of one kind or another, but the knowledge they contain is furnished us only in driblets, and the writer is forbidden to give his thoughts to the world unless they are broken up into short paragraphs—unless they deal in merry trifles, new-fangled opinions and affected sentiment; and they must bear a taking title, too, and one that will tell you their character beforehand, just as the names of the *dramatis personæ* in a play will sometimes describe their natures: as Dr. Ollapod, Mrs. Malaprop, &c. The strongest minds must yield to the prevailing fashion, and even I am compelled to adopt this random mode of communicating with the public—of striking out sparks, instead of kindling the steady blaze of wisdom—of pouring her light on the world as it were through the glasses of a magic lantern, and exhibiting her truths in novel and grotesque forms, instead of shedding abroad her unveiled glory. Yet I cannot fall into the fashion of the age, without first lamenting that it compels the writer to flutter forth his thoughts in 'shreds and patches,' instead of weaving them into perfect robes, with which the children of wisdom might clothe themselves as with a garment.

II.

I bless my stars and my ancestors that I inherit a name of which the most inveterate punster can make nothing, and to which the most skilful rhymer in the country cannot find a similar sound. There are some people who seem born to be bones, upon whom all who choose may sharpen their wits. They go through life accompanied with eternal smiles, and their most usual welcome is a broad grin at their unfortunate *cognomines*. Do they travel?—the entry of their names in the inn-keeper's book is sure to be followed by an epigram. Are they introduced to strangers when in company?—an electrical smile, if I may so term it, runs round the circle, and they may be certain that numerous puns are coming into the world. Indeed, punsters hover round such men like vultures; and the 'bad odor' of their appellations invites from all quarters these birds of prey, who live by pouncing on unfortunate words. But this is the least of their troubles. Although they may be supposed to have a fraternal feeling for their companions in misfortune, and to be unwilling to play upon each others names and with each others feelings, yet they are often forced, by hard fate or luckless chance, to bring their own selves into ridicule. I have heard of a person by the name of 'John Shot,' who, on entering into business, blazoned forth his name in gilt letters, and could not imagine what the people who passed by his door found so amusing in his sign, until he discovered that the tradesman next door was called 'Jonathan Fell.' I remember myself walking through the streets of a town in Pennsylvania, and observing on a tavern sign the landlord's name—'Jacob Fought,' while next door but one I read that 'George Beetim.' It is not to be wondered at that Lamb's farce, the wit of which turned upon a ridiculous name, met with such poor treatment, for probably among his audience there were a hundred persons whose appellations would have occasioned just as much merriment as that of the sensitive Mr. Hogsflesh. It was touching them too nearly to meet with their approbation, and I fancy that if any one of them was betrayed into a smile, his conscience immediately pricked him for laughing at himself; and I can almost see the suspicious glance with which he looked round to discover whether similar thoughts were not passing through the minds of his neighbors.

III.

There is a curious account given in an old number of the Edinburgh Quarterly, of the ancient laws of the Scandinavians. The science of Jurisprudence among those Northern nations was almost as intricate as with us in our own day; and legal forms, though somewhat simpler, were yet as closely adhered to, and often made the subject of as much quibbling as in modern courts. Indeed, to quibble was the most honorable duty of the Scandinavian advocate; and even kings themselves would enter the courts to plead for their subjects, and evince their technical knowledge and logical skill with as much ardor as, in later times and more chivalrous countries, the knights in the tournament would show forth their military prowess. It is related of king Eystein, that he undertook to defend a public officer whom his brother, king Sigurd, had charged with peculation. When the trial was ready to be proceeded with, king Eystein made his first objection, which was to the competency of the court, and which, though unwilling, his brother was compelled to allow. The cause was removed to the shire court, and when the deemsters were about to pronounce sentence, the royal advocate again interposed, and demanded that his client, as a thane of the realm, should be tried by his peers. The law was in his favor, and the suit was removed into another shire, to be decided before a more competent tribunal. Matters were going against the defendant, when king Eystein again stopped proceedings by another quibble. "The defendant, who had his domicil in *Frosta-things-law*, was accused of deeds done in Halogaland; and there were no free-holders from either of those shires then present." It became now a

contest for victory more than a suit for justice, and the rival king Sigurd carried the matter before a general court, at which all his thanes and knights, together with free-holders from every shire, were present. But the watchful king Eystein was again prepared. He had the cause of the defendant, by a legal process, made over to himself, and thus took the place of his client; and when the trial was commenced before the assembled nobility and freemen, he addressed them as follows:

"Since when hath it been the law of Norway that you free-holders are here to sit in judgement when king strives with king? I will show to ye, and I will prove to ye, that the cause and its defence are mine; and king Sigurd is now bringing his suit against me—against king Eystein—and not against Sigurd Hranson."

It was decided that nothing but the 'Eyrar-thing' could judge in a royal cause, and to this court the suit was finally brought. The guilt of Sigurd Hranson was proved, and judgement was about to be given, when king Eystein demanded that, as the cause had been three times tried at common law and once in a moot-court, the defendant be dismissed from further prosecution. The law was still on his side, and for the fifth time king Sigurd found himself balked of his justice. He now appealed to battle; but by the supplications of Sigurd Hranson, and at the intercession of friends, the crime was forgiven, and the quarrel of the brothers put an end to. The tedious delay of a modern court of chancery must yield to the tardy course of justice in these ancient tribunals.

IV.

There is nothing like travelling for bringing out the most concealed traits of character, and for exhibiting the man in all the nakedness of his disposition. As he will put on his commonest clothes to travel in, and be negligent of brushing off every spot and hiding every blemish, so, in like manner, will he wear his character—carelessly, freely, and therefore naturally and truly. Grace and elegance he leaves at home, and takes with him a better, though a somewhat selfish companion, called comfort. I remember a scene which, as an illustration of the remark that present ease is more regarded by the traveller than good looks, I shall here describe.

We were descending the Potomac river in the night, and on approaching the landing where we were to take the stages, a waiter went the rounds of the births, waking the passengers. I occupied an upper birth, and as I put my head out between the curtains, I had a full view of the whole cabin-scene. Two or three tallow candles, with long wicks, shed a faint light upon a dozen or fifteen forms, in every variety of costume and posture—dressed, half dressed, and undressed, sitting, standing, and stretching. Immediately beneath me a short, fat man, with a red handkerchief on his head, was seated on the edge of his birth, rummaging amid a pile of clothes for his pantaloons. Right opposite, a person, like myself, just roused from sleep, was sitting up in bed, pulling on his stockings, and 'sighing like furnace,' as he shivered in the cool night air. At a small table in the centre of the cabin was another passenger, who, having finished his toilette, was resting his head on his hands, and snatching a short and, to judge from the abrupt guttural sounds he emitted, an uneasy nap. Half a dozen others were brushing coats and pulling on boots, while, in the distance, at the other end of the cabin, I discovered a pair of legs, from one of which dangled a stocking half drawn on, executing sundry graceful flourishes in the air as their owner descended to the floor. I paused for a moment to moralize on the scene, and then, with the same sturdy disregard of the graces, sprang out of bed and made my own toilette.

A WIDOWER'S WO.—Thus does a forlorn husband mourn for his lost wife:

"Here lies my wife; and heaven knows,
Not less for mine than her repose."

ENDURING LOVE.

Oh! I could love him with a woman's love!
Worship the light that kindles in his eye,
Not with the passion colder hearts approve,
But with a love that was not born to die!
Like some rich pearl in ocean's cavern sleeping,
Deep in my breast his image long hath lain;
Oh! may the treasure love delights in keeping
Be ever mine, or else I live in vain!

For the New-Yorker.

TO ——.

I'LL think of thee when youthful Spring
Comes with the opening bud and leaf,
And merrily the glad birds sing
In notes as sweet as sadly brief.

I'll think of thee when Summer flowers
Exhale their fragrance to the air;
When gaily wing the fleeting hours,
And all is bright and fresh and fair.

I'll think of thee when Autumn's tone
In pensive sweetness breathes farewell
To faded joys, to pleasures gone,
In notes as soft as vesper-bell.

I'll think of thee when twilight's ray
Falls mellowed from the evening sky,
And thought strays far to those away.
And Memory wakes her plaintive sigh.

I'll think of thee when from afar
Gleams on the sable brow of night
Yon beaming gem, thy guardian star—
Oh, may it never veil its light!

And when thou think'st of days long past,
And sadness takes the place of glee,
One favor grant—perchance the last—
A single thought wilt give to me? C.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is to be regretted that the thorough and substantial education of girls should be so generally neglected in our country. Notwithstanding the apparent equality of advantages enjoyed by the sexes in our common schools, it is a notorious fact that while the males are pushed forward and rendered familiar with the more useful branches, the females are confined chiefly to the lighter and ornamental—to the shadow rather than the substance of knowledge. Not only so, but there is far less effort used for the improvement of the latter even in their comparatively unimportant studies, than in behalf of the young "lords of creation." The sages to whose care the minds of the rising generation are entrusted, do not perchance insist with the Arabian prophet that women have no souls; but they seem to fancy it altogether immaterial whether they learn little or much. Nay, we wrong some of these sages of-resaid: there *are* those among them (thanks to the acuteness of committee men!) who experience a well-grounded fear lest their enterprising female pupils should put their own shallow attainments to the blush.—These chaps are exceedingly anxious that their scholars should not "get along too fast"—they should "under-tand things as they go along"—"better learn a little, and learn it well, than to hurry over a great deal of ground, and know nothing after all." These are good maxims, and wise; but their false application has much ignorance and waste of time to answer for.

Patents and guardians are also unaccountably careless in regard to this subject. They seem to think generally that if the boys can only have a good chance to learn, it is very little matter about the girls. This is a very great mistake. We of the rougher sex are indeed destined to the more active and stirring duties of life; we are to be one day mechanics, legislators and tradesmen; we are to subdue the ancient forest and contend with the fierce perils of the sea; and our gentler sisters are ordained by custom, as they are fitted by nature, to the calmer pursuits of home. But are they not of the same moral constitution with ourselves? Have they not minds susceptible of cultivation and intellectual enjoyment?—And are they not to be our companions in some of the most intimate relations of life? Do not the treasures of knowledge, while they serve to invigorate and expand the mental powers, teach also the "ways of pleasantness" and the rewards of virtue, with the folly and the misery of vice? And are they not therefore as desirable to the one sex as to the other, while they are equally attainable by both? We maintain the affirmative; and insist that the prevailing neglect of female education is gross injustice to the sex, a criminal and signal disgrace to our country, and a wanton disregard of the means of our happiness. Let us glance at one or two considerations:

1.—If the improvement of the mind is ordinarily conducive to virtue and happiness, the means of improvement cannot be withheld from any class of society without a corresponding injury. It cannot, we think, be denied that females are for the most part as susceptible of instruction as males; that generally, where their advantages have been equal, they have pursued the path of knowledge with similar eagerness and success: and the final results have by no means demonstrated the incapacity or inferiority of the female mind. The proud names of Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, and Hannah More, with a numerous host of others in Britain, and some eminent ones in our own land, are ample testimonials to this point. May their brilliant example animate and inspire the hesitating female student, till she finds herself equally exalted and distinguished!

2.—The character of a state, and its claim to the respect and admiration of the world, depend upon the popular virtue and intelligence, which mutually constitute the great moral foundation and superstructure. It is absurd, as all history verifies, to talk of the virtue of an ignorant people; and none but knaves or fools ever feign respect for ignorance, whether national or personal. Hence the nation has a direct and most important interest in the promotion of female education—an interest unsurpassed, indeed, except by that of the American female herself.

3.—Aside from the national concern in the matter, and irrespective of the personal advantages derivable from education to the female community, we ought earnestly to urge it upon them, even if there were no better motive to it than the purest selfishness. This sentiment may have a rough look to the moralist at the first glance, but really it is very harmless. *We* should be vastly benefited by the universal improvement of the female mind about us: we should have more economical and amiable wives and daughters, and thence more affectionate solicitude for our continual and increasing happiness; parental severity, relaxing into kindly admonition, would be repaid by filial attachment and obedience; a spirit of friendly and fraternal kindness would gradually pervade all society; and thus should one good act be reciprocated by another, till the Golden Rule should ultimately supersede all other law in the hearts and lives of men. Vergennes Vermonter.

GLEANINGS.

MODERN DEFINITIONS—CONTINUED.

Experimental Philosophy—Asking a friend to loan money.
Natural Philosophy—Refusing to loan money when asked.
Fashion—Dying to be looked at.
Settled for life—Being in debt so that one's creditor won't permit you to go out of town.
Fine-looking Man—A fellow attached to a steel cane, gilt chain, without a watch, and a long list of unpaid debts.
Lovely Woman—A creature with a hunch on the back, and the heart compressed by a patent screw—vulgarly denominated, corset.
Credit—A streak of lightning, with a black spirit striding over it—a tiger with a tin-cup tied to its tail.
Statesmanship—Making a speech three days long on the election of a door-keeper.
Constable—A man with a blue nose, red eyes, and big stick.
Neighbor—One that speaks to you about once a year.
Decency—A man with a black-cloth suit; false keys in one pocket, and a pistol in t'other.
An interesting object—A beautiful unsuspecting young lady, left alone in this world of temptation, with fifty thousand dollars.
Charity—To give a $1000 to a tract society for the purpose of getting your name published, yet refuse the starving beggar at your door a morsel of bread
Vanity—A string of empty carriages at a funeral.
Absence of mind—To attempt to light your pipe at a pump.

Men generally put a greater value upon the favors they bestow, than upon those they receive.

MIGNONETTE.—If you have a foot of ground under your window to spare, sow it in this modest little flower; it will scent your house with its delightful perfumes, and gladden your eye with its unpretending blossoms.

CHANGE.—The only thing that is constant; mutability being an immutable law of nature.

AN OLD PROVERB.—'He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife, has the devil at his elbow.'

If you want enemies, excel others—if you want friends, let others excel you.

MUSIC.—A kiss is the key note in the music of love. It shows at once to what tune the heart is beating.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

A DANDY.

A thing that is whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist,
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads so immoveably stuck in shirt-colars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl when the creatures may wish to look round them."

PRINTING, ITS ORIGIN, &c.—It is supposed that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. The Romans had the possession of the art long before they were conscious of their rich possession. And it is a curious fact, that a well known Italian, to whom learning owes much, actually published a treatise on the art of reading a printed book, which was dedicated to the higher and more enlightened class of society.

LOVE—We should not judge of the love of others, according to your own capability of loving. All persons love after a manner of their own; and woe must befal that man or woman who expects to be loved according to their own degree of loving, without any consideration for the different feelings of the beloved object.

An old bachelor and an old maid are like a lock and key, of no use until they come together, hence the state is termed wed-*lock*.

Boston Herald.

FROM THE MAGYAR.

Now another century, blended
With past centuries, rolls away;
When another century's ended,
All that lives will be but clay.

Thou and I, a pair so joyous,
Spite of dance and song must die:
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death piles shall we lie.

Dost thou mourn? O mourn no longer,
Death is strong, but love is stronger.

HUMBLE LIFE.—I have often found that sorrow and joy are better borne under straw roofs than under stone; just as the first are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the latter.

KISSES.—Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than, perhaps, even our fair readers are aware. Eight diversities are mentioned in scripture, viz. the kisses of salutation, Sam. xx. 41; valediction, Ruth i, 9; reconciliation, II Sam. xiv, 33; subjection, Psalm ii, 12; approbation, Prov. ii. 12; affection, Gen. xxix, 13.

CHANCE.—"I am old enough," says Smollet, in a letter to his friend Garrick, "to have seen and observed that we are all playthings of fortune; and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a half-penny, whether a man rises to affluence, or continues to his dying day struggling with the difficulties and disgrace of life."

CORSETS.

While thousands fall by clashing swords,
Ten thousands fall by corset boards;
Yet giddy females, thoughtless train!
For sake of fashion yield to pain,
And health and comfort sacrifice
To please a dandy coxcomb's eyes.

SWEARING.—Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society that of swearing admits of the least palliation.

From the American Quarterly Review.

POEMS OF WILLIS G. CLARK.

THERE are two conditions of society which appear to be favorable to the development of poetical genius. One is exhibited in that period which may be called the dawn, the other in the meridian of refinement. When a people are emerging from a state of barbarism, with the boldness of spirit and passion, and the dim grandeur of conception, which characterize that state, their feelings and thoughts seem naturally to assume the form of poetry. The dawning light of knowledge clothes *every* thing, to their eyes, in glory. A strange excitement swells the bosom, the intellect glows with its newly acquired power, and all things wear, for the season, an air of exaggeration. This is the age of heroism and of poetry, when men act and speak from impulses that have all the grandeur and majesty of nature, softened by the first influences of civilization. Poetry is regarded as inspiration, and the bard is revered as a prophet. The lyre is struck with the boldest and mightiest hand—by a Homer, an Ossian, or a Chaucer; and its stirring strains are listened to by the illustrious of the earth with a subdued reverence and a lofty enthusiasm. This is the golden age of poetry, known but once to any people, and subsequently but dimly shadowed forth in the forced excitement of a feebler and more artificial age.

When society has reached a high point of refinement, poetry again resumes its empire. It is now the child of leisure—the nursling of wealth. It loses its former majestic simplicity and earnestness, and becomes a courtier. It finds the language refined, its stock of ideas increased, its modes regulated and improved, its decorations polished, and its audience and empire extended. It throws its peaceful robe over a crabbed philosophy; by turns amuses, instructs and exhorts: is with man in every walk, and is courted and cultivated in all.

From the intermediate condition of society, when it has lost the spirit of youth without having attained the refinement of age, poetry has little to expect. This period has neither the wild loftiness that marks the former, nor the polish of the latter. When a people become fully awakened to the necessity of improvement in their social condition, and their entire energies are directed to practical results, there is little leisure or disposition for the cultivation of poetry. Men at such a time are valued in proportion to their means of promoting the general objects of society. Poetry is an 'idle trade,' and is therefore discarded. There is no room in the warehouse or the workshop for the lyre. Men have *no time* for such pursuits. The hammer of the artisan, the buz of the factory, or the *yo heave oh* of the sailor, are the poetry of the business man. Orpheus made rocks and trees move, but he never could stay the movements of a modern merchant; his strains, divine though they were, would, to thrifty ears, be surpassed, all the world to nothing, by the tintinnabulary call of the auctioneer, or the soul-stirring horn of Jemmy Charcoal.

From this condition our country has not wholly emerged. We have not yet a stationary society, devoted to the pursuit of letters or the fine arts. There is no such thing as leisure in this country. Intellect is impressed by society, dragged from the studies of its retirement, and forced to tug at the oar in some toilsome profession, to labor in professorships, to struggle at the bar, in the pulpit, the press, in the practice of medicine, or on the ever-turning treadwheel of politics. Our country ought to be the chosen home of poetry; but to the business eye its hills are contemplated only in reference to wool-growing—its water-falls are admired as mill-seats—its rivers as the feeders of canals, and its valleys as the sites of railroads. Is this the atmosphere for poetry? All men, with some *supernatural* exceptions, like Milton, live for those around them. He must indeed be strangely devoted to the muses who can write without the expectation of pay or praise. Poetry is said to be 'its own exceeding great reward,' and so it may be; but in a hard-browed, prudent, practical age like this, when the pursuit of poetry is regarded by many with something of apprehension and distrust, it requires no ordinary degree of devotedness to embrace it, and that, too, while wealth and honor are beckoning to intellect, with an inviting smile, from almost every path of practical exertion.

This, though peculiarly the fruit of the times in this country, is not confined to this country. The age seems to be instinct with the severe spirit of Bentham. Science and art are cherished with the utmost ardor when they promise an accession of wealth or power, when they open the hidden affluence of the earth, give new energies to mechanism, or add to the means of gratifying man's physical wants or appetites; but that more divine wisdom is comparatively forgotten which regards the spirit as the man, and seeks treasures which rust cannot corrupt; treasures of exalted thoughts, refined affections, and gentle and noble sympathies with all that is pure and exalted. Nature is no Benthamite—she curtains the sky with glory, and carpets the earth with radiance, garbs the fields in beauty, and fills the forests with melody. But the spirit of the age, if it does not seek to root out every green thing that now ministers to our wants, would, at least, leave it unwatered, to pine and perish from neglect. Even in England, the 'din and crash of the enginery of practical life' appears to have drowned the voice of the muse. Since the death of Byron, England, though she could boast several noble bards, has produced nothing worthy of them or her. Indeed, we find it difficult to avoid the conviction that poetry, with its sister arts, is on the decline in that country. 'The march of mind' of which we hear so much is often a retrograde march. The age of Shakspeare, though characterized by Hume as 'rude,' appears to have cherished as ardent and refined a practical taste as any that has succeeded it. Schlegel, in his Lectures on Dramatic Poetry, gives the following account of the times of good Queen Bess: "Such was the zeal for the study of the ancients, that even court ladies, and the queen herself, were intimately acquainted with Latin and Greek, and could speak the former with fluency—a degree of knowledge which we would in vain seek for in the European courts of the present day. The trade and navigation of the English, which they carried on with all the four quarters of the world, made them acquainted with the customs and mental productions of other nations; and it would appear that they were then more indulgent to foreign manners than they are in the present day. Italy had already produced all for which her literature is distinguished; and translations were diligently and even successfully executed in verse from the Italians. They were not unacquainted with the Spanish literature, for it is certain that Don Quixote was read in England soon after its appearance. Bacon, the friend of modern experimental philosophy, of whom it may be said that he carried in his pocket all that merits the name of philosophy in the eighteenth century, was a cotemporary of Shakspeare. *Many branches of human knowledge have, since that time, been cultivated to a greater extent, but merely those which are totally unproductive of poetry;* chemistry, mechanics, manufactures, and rural and political economy, will never enable a man to become a poet."

However adverse the temper of the times may be to poetry, the existence of practical taste and power cannot be doubted. We believe that poetry is always and every where. Even in the decline of Roman literature, when not a single production broke upon the gloom of centuries, the spirit of poetry must have haunted the scene of its former triumphs, and in the degenerate throng, many a lonely brow, no doubt, responded to the same harmonies which lingered in melody upon the lyre of Virgil. In our own country, who can doubt that notwithstanding the all-engrossing worship of the money god, poetry has, in the recesses of our land, and even in throngs of our cities, quiet and cherished shrines, where her fires are fed with the first offerings of the heart? Our country does possess poetical genius, and that of the highest order. If proof be wanted to sustain the assertion, let us point to the names of Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Clark, and others. It has been objected that this evidence is insufficient, inasmuch as these writers have produced no long or elaborate productions, and have exhibited their powers only in fragments and gems. But why is it so? They have failed in nothing. All that they have undertaken they have done, and done well; and had the popular taste afforded adequate encouragement to such pursuits, they would, we have every reason to believe, have equalled the noblest modern triumphs in the art. It is true that these writers have secured the admiration and applause of the literary public; but in this country the number and influence of those who cultivate a taste for poetry are insufficient to draw out and mature a poet; and these highly gifted men, after having passed their hands carelessly over the strings, and shown that they are capable of drawing forth the most profound harmonies of the instrument, have thrown it by, and mingled again in the busy and hurried throngs of every day life.

Among those who have thus incidentally poured forth the light of their spirit, and *betrayed*, rather than exhibited, the qualities that constitute the genuine poet, the gentleman whose name we have borrowed as a caption to this article, deserves especial mention. With the exception of a small volume published some years since, we believe that Mr. Clark's effusions have not been collected. They have appeared at irregular and often remote intervals; and though their beauty and pathos have won the applause of the first writers of this country and England, they have not made that impression which if united they could not fail to produce. Mr. Clark's distinguishing traits are tenderness, pathos and melody. In style and sentiment he is wholly original, but if he resemble any writer, it is Mr. Bryant. The same lofty tone of sentiment, the same touches of melting pathos, the same refined sympathies with the beauties and harmonies of nature, and the same melody of style, characterize, in an almost equal degree, these delightful poets. The ordinary tone of Mr. Clark's poetry is gentle, solemn and tender. His effusions flow in melody from a heart full of the sweetest affections, and upon their surface is mirrored all that is gentle and beautiful in nature, rendered more beautiful by the light of a lofty and religious imagination. He is one of the few writers who have succeeded in making the *poetry of religion* attractive. Young is sad and austere, Cowper is at times constrained, and Wordsworth is much too dreamy for the mass; but with Clark religion is unaffectedly blended with the simplest and sweetest affections of the heart. His poetry glitters with the dew, not of Castaly, but of heaven. No man, however cold, can resist the winning and natural sweetness and melody of the tone of piety that pervades his poems. All the voices of nature speak to him of religion; he

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

There is not an effusion, and scarce a line in his poetical writings that is not redolent with this spirit. The entire absence of affectation or artifice in Mr. Clark's poetry also deserves the highest commendation. Though always poetical he is always natural; he sacrifices nothing for effect, and does not seek his subjects or his figures from the startling or extravagant. There is an uniform and uninterrupted propriety in his writings. His taste is not merely cultivated and refined, but sensitively fastidious, and shrinks, with instinctive delicacy, from any thing that could distort the tranquil and tender beauty of his lines. His diction is neither quaint nor common-place, bloated nor tame, but is natural, classic, and expressive. In the art of versification he appears to be nearly perfect; we know no poet in the language who is more regular, animated and euphonous.

The Spirit of Life is one of the most labored, though certainly not the most successful of Mr. Clark's poems. It occupies the larger portion of the only volume which he has given to the public. The dedication, though we confess it is not precisely to our taste, is enthusiastic and fervid. It is excused, however, by the general admiration at that time manifested for the author of Pelham, and was perhaps due as a grateful tribute to a distinguished author, who had previously spoken of his poems in high terms, and of himself as a gentleman "who has an enviable genius, to be excited in a new and unexhausted country, and a glorious career before him, where, in manners, scenery, and morals, hitherto undescribed and unexhausted, he can find wells where he himself may be the first to drink."

The opening passage of the poem thus eloquently and beautifully describes the subject—a subject, by the way, too vast and vague for so brief an effort.

> "There is a Spirit, whose reviving power
> Dwells through the changes of each earthly hour:
> Where the sere blooms of man's decline are shed,
> And sterile snows the brow of age o'erspread;
> Or while each impulse of the heart is young,
> And the light laugh falls sweet from childhood's tongue:
> There lurks that moving spirit, bound to all—
> O'er which nor chance, nor time can fling a thrall;
> Through lengthened years its force unbroken moves,
> Guiding the hopes of earth, the cares, the loves;
> Where'er the land outspreads, or sunshine lies,
> Pour'd on old ocean from the boundless skies—
> In calm or storm, in light or shade it springs,
> And broods o'er nature with perpetual wings.
> Its name is Life."

The object of the poem appears to be to show that this spirit of life is universal and eternal, and that even the decay of nature is only change and reproduction, a doctrine which approaches the opinion of the eternity of matter. His description of these changes in nature is vigorous and poetical. The following description of the sky challenges the highest praise:—

"Unbounded skies!—where life triumphant dwells,
And light resistless, from its fountain wells;
Where beauty unapproach'd—alone—sublime—
Mocks at the restless change of earth and time:
And clothed in radiance from the Eternal's throne,
Bends its unpillared arch from zone to zone!"

He traces the same law in its operations up to man, and compares the changes in his life to those in nature. The following refers to the immortality of man:—

"The just man dies not, though within the tomb
His wasting form be laid, mid tears and gloom;
Though many a heart beats sadly when repose
His silvery locks in earth, *like buried snows*;
Yet love, and hope, and faith, with heavenward trust,
Tells that his spirit sinks not in the dust:
Above, entranced and glorious, it hath soared,
Where all its primal freshness is restored—
And from all sin released—and doubt—and pain,
Renews the morning of its youth again!"

The following passage, in which God is described as the source of that spirit whose various shapes and changes he has traced, is one of the best in the poem. The sentiment is just, the figures bold, and the language strong and poetical.

"All quenchless life! bright effluence from God!
Whose impulse fills the universe abroad!
From thee, the restless heart its movement draws—
In thee, revolving seasons find their laws;
Thine is the pulse that heaves the ocean wave,
Or bids the evening sunlight gild the grave;
That paints the gorgeous skies at night or morn,
When dawn is blushing, or when stars are born;
Which drives the unquiet storm along its way,
When broken ships are whelm'd in surge and spray;
While inland hills are echoing wildly loud,
As the mad thunders roll from cloud to cloud;
When giant trees, with arms uplifted high,
Creak, as the sheeted lightnings hurtle by;
While lengthen'd swells chastise the groaning strand,
And bid their deep-toned murmurs thrill the land!"

The poem delivered before the Athenian Society of Bristol College, called 'The Past and Present,' abounds in vigorous and eloquent passages. It is designed to exhibit the influence of Christianity in the encouragement of learning. Those who remember that the advance of Christianity in the Roman empire was marked by an equal decline in learning, may have more difficulty in coming to his conclusion. If they doubt the soundness of his philosophy, they cannot question the excellence of his poetry. The poem is decidedly superior to the Spirit of Life. It has all the characteristic beauties of Mr. Clark's style—elegance, melody, and tenderness—but it adds to these merits a fire and energy which the previous effort did not, in an equal degree, possess. The author describes, with great power and beauty, the learning of the old world, its triumphs in the arts, and the vices and wretchedness of the people. We extract his description of Athens.

"Long was that night which hung the nations o'er,
From yellow Tiber to the Ægean shore;
Wide Asia slept, unkindled by a smile,
And hovering shadows veiled the land of Nile—
And save the radiance round Judea thrown,
One moral evening through the world was known.
Yet gorgeous in their pride and glory then,
Shone forth the cities and the works of men;
High with her broad Acropolis upreared,
Athens, in pomp magnificent appeared:—
Like battlemented clouds, in western skies,
Where sun-bright domes, and mimic groves arise—
Thus Athens rose; and round her altars lay
Fame's seemingly imperishable ray.
Illyssus rolled in glittering sheen along,
And fair Hymettus fed its honeyed throng;
While temples eminent in marble glow'd,
And rang with anthems to *The Unknown God*.
There Art's immortal soul in beauty shone,
Till life seemed breathing from the chiseled stone:
There Plato walked beneath the olive-trees—
There flowed rich words from thoughtful Socrates;
In tones mellifluous on the ear they fell,
Each sentence treasured, and remembered well."

After a most eloquent description of the mythology of the ancients, he refers to the various theories of their philosophy. The following is the close of the passage which want of space prevents us from extracting entire.

"Vain were those dreams, and their suggestions vain—
From weary breasts they drove no throb of pain;
They took no sting from death—and in the mind,
They left a gloomy void and fear behind:
The soul, unsatisfied, began anew,
In realms untried, its wanderings to pursue;
Till e'en philosophy to doubting fell,
And, save that nought was known, could nothing tell.
Thus was the Grecian sage beheld at last,
With earth's affections round his spirit cast:
With aged hand he seized the poison cup,
And, inly wavering, drank the hemlock up;—
And blinded thus, unnumbered thousands bow'd:
They 'woo'd a Deity, and clasped a cloud.'"

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the following description of the shrines of the ancients:—

"Of this dark worship, what remaineth now?—
Ask the pale ruins upon Phyle's brow!
Or, turning to Italia's coast, behold
The veil of time from the dim Past unroll'd!
Lo! where the Eternal City's wreck appears,
Crushed by the weight of many a hundred years!
Where now the trophies of her ancient pride?
O'erwhelmed, and lost in Lethe's rolling tide!
Her moss-grown temples trembling in decay,
Through which the stranger takes his winding way,
O'er prostrate obeliska and tombs unknown,
Which rose in mystery, and whose names are gone.
Gaze where the blithe Pleistus' waters flow,
Or where Dodona's woods in summer glow:
Where Delphi's thunder-stricken ruins spread—
Her shrines defaced, her altar-fires unfed!
How changed the glory of those haunts sublime,
Once held as sacred from the touch of time!"

The advent of a new and better era is thus eloquently described:—

"When wrapt in guile those ancient Cities lay,
And scenes of riot turned the night to day;
When Lust and Murder stalked uncheck'd abroad,
And Sin's wide current like a river flow'd—
Then rose that star above Judea's land,
And bade its lustre o'er the world expand:
Then struggling Paul in Athens stood, and cried
Against idolatry, and fraud, and pride:
He spake of ONE, whose smile could warm the grave—
Who walked unshrinking on the midnight wave;
Whose love was boundless, and whose tender eye,
Look'd down on men with kind benignity.
'The God that made the World,' he praised aloud,
Till Felix quaked, and Dionysius bow'd:
At Cæsar's judgement seat, sublime he stood,
With words of eloquence, a glowing flood:
With hand extended, and persuasive tongue—
In royal ears his melting accents rung;
Till tears around him fell like morning dew,
And Justice whispered that his God was true!"

The poem as a whole is highly creditable to American literature, and manifests power adequate to the achievement of a most enviable reputation.

The efforts of Mr. Clark which have perhaps in the greatest degree won public attention and praise, are his occasional and lyric poems. Fugitive poetry is very generally underrated. It comes before the public without any of the ceremonials of introduction which attend a regular publication. There is nothing to attract attention, or suggest applause. It is thrust amid the refuse of newspaper trash, stocks, accidents, and electioneering harangues. Its modest melody is drowned and lost in the din and hurry and confusion of that many-tongued and mighty Babel—the Press. If the beauty of the humble effort attract a single eye, it is admired for an instant, and dismissed for ever. Such is generally the fate of fugitive effusions. They spring up by thousands, of various shapes and colors, by the margin of the regular literature of the age, bloom a modest moment, then sink into the stream, and are swept away unregarded. But among these neglected efforts, some breathe the loftiest and truest spirit of poetry. These momentary effusions are thrown off in the heat of conception, and bear the fresh and warm impress of poetic inspiration; they are the concentrated efforts of the genius, where the fire is exhausted in the effort of elaboration. The best poems of our best poets have been of this character; and, indeed, the reputation of several, as Collins, Gray, Moore, and others, is grounded upon what would now be called fugitive efforts. The amount of this species of poetry is almost incredible. Every press has its bard. The amount of rhymes thus produced in a single year is perhaps greater than all the hoarded efforts which the inspired Past has embalmed for posterity. To swell this amount is within the compass of every schoolboy's ability; but to write poems which, when thrown into the current that carries this incongruous mass to the sea of oblivion, shall disengage themselves from the surrounding trash, and attract the attention and secure the applause of men of taste and judgment, is, to say the least of it, a very high evidence of poetic power and genius. Such is the manner in which Mr. Clark's effusions have been presented to the public; it is unnecessary to add that they have attained a high popularity. They have been reprinted throughout the whole extent of this country; and in many instances copied with expressions of the warmest admiration by the literary and other periodicals of England. The lyrics of Mr. Clark richly merit this distinction. In pathos, purity of sentiment, and melody of diction, they are not surpassed by any thing in the language.—High as this praise is, the following specimen will convince the reader that it is not undeserved:

"DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

'Ah, welaway! most angelike of face,
A childe young, in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltelesse,
The lovely faire that lyeth here speechelesse.
A mouth he has, but wordis has he none—
Cannot complaine, alas, for none outrage,
Ne gruccheth not, but lies here all alone
Still as a lambe, most meek of visage;
What berte of steel could do him damage,
Or suffer him to die, beholding the manere,
And looke benign, of his twein eyen clere?'—*Lydgate.*

"Young mother! he is gone;
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly press'd;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee;
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower,
Torn in its sweetness from the parent spray;
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at eventide serene and clear;
His voice is chok'd in dust, and on his eyes
Th' unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner! while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And Hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart thy grief-discolored sky—
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the Better Land!
There, bathed in brightness that around them springs,
Thy lov'd one's wings expand,
As with the quiring cherubim he sings;
And all the glory of that God can see,
Why said on earth to children, 'Come to me.'

Mother, thy child is blest!
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed, a sweet load from thy parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have pass'd,
Thou 'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord, at last.'

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Clark is, we understand, a young man. His efforts exhibit a regular and progressive increase of power; regulated by a taste so refined, they must sooner or later win him a high standing and a lasting reputation. He is obviously a poet in his temperament, and has a heart attuned to all that is exalted and beautiful in nature or life. His mind is classic and harmonious in its structure; his fancy lively and poetical; and his style of expression peculiarly original and felicitous. The marks of care and polish are apparent in most of his lyrics; yet they seem to burst from a copious mind, and are characterized by a gushing fullness of thought and feeling. With such an intellect, chastened by such a taste, we will not presume to say what elevation he may not attain in that walk of literature which he has already done so much to adorn.

Collated for the New-Yorker.

GEMS OF POLITICS, FACTS STATED, IPSE DIXITS, SAYINGS AND MAXIMS, WISE AND UNWISE; CONTRADICTIONS, MEMORABILIA, &c.

1. In debating on the Articles of Confederation, in Congress, in 1776, Dr. Witherspoon said, "If an equal vote (of the colonies) be refused, the smaller States will become vassals to the larger; and all experience has shown that the vassals and subjects of free States are the most enslaved."—*Life of Jefferson*, vol. 1. p. 26.

2. John Adams said, "Reason, justice and equity never had weight enough on the face of the earth to govern the councils of men."—*Jefferson's Life*, vol. 1. p. 27.

3. Jefferson says, "History has informed us that bodies of men, as well as individuals, are susceptible of the spirit of tyranny."—*Ibm.* p. 105.

4. *Idem.*—"The whole art of government consists in the *art* of being honest."—*Ibm.* p. 115.

5. *Idem.*—"The bulk of mankind are school-boys through life."—p. 134. (See No. 26.)

6. *Idem.*—On the establishment of packet ships between this country and Havre, Jefferson says, "This establishment would look like the commencement of a little navy—the *only kind of force we ought to possess.*"—p. 252. (See No. 21.)

7. *Idem.*—Jefferson to Peter Carr. "Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act." "Nothing is so mistaken as the supposition that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty by intrigue, by chicanery, by dissimulation, by trimming, by an untruth, by an injustice." "The falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions."—p. 286. [Very good.]

8. *Idem.*—"Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to the country." "I consider the class of artificers as the panders of vice, and the

instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned."—p. 291. (See No. 81.)

9. *Idem.*—"At the moment of peace, there was an enthusiasm towards us, all over Europe. The torrent of lies published unremittingly, in every day's London papers, first made an impression, and produce a coolness."—p. 300.

10. *Idem.*—"Greek and Roman authors are dearer here (in Paris) than, I believe, any where in the world. Nobody here reads them; wherefore they are not reprinted."—p. 301.

11. *Idem.*—"In spite of treaties, England is still our enemy (1785). Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanting with her but the power, to wipe us, and the land we live in, out of existence."—p. 313. (See No. 20.)

12. *Idem.*—"Behold me at length on the vaunted scene of Europe, (Paris.) I find the general fate of humanity here most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation offers itself perpetually, that every man here must be either the hammer or the anvil. It is the true picture of that country to which, they say, we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and his angels in splendor, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet. (See No. 17.) Conjugal love having no existence among them, domestic happiness, of which that is the basis, is utterly unknown."—p. 327.

13. *Idem.*—"I have never yet seen a man drunk in France, even among the lowest of the people. They do not terminate the most sociable meals by transforming themselves into brutes."—p. 328.

14. *Idem.*—"Were I to indulge my own theory, I should wish them (the United States) to practise neither commerce nor navigation, but to stand, with respect to Europe, precisely on the footing of China. We should thus avoid wars, and all our citizens would be husbandmen. We should long keep our workmen in Europe, while Europe should be drawing rough materials, and even subsistence, from America. But this is theory only."—p. 344. [Theory indeed; we are now drawing subsistence from Europe.]

15. *Idem.*—"If (a young man) goes to England, he learns drinking, horse-racing and boxing. These are the peculiarities of English education."—p. 346.

16. *Idem.*—"It may be regarded as certain, that not a foot of land will ever be taken from the Indians without their own consent."—p. 412. [Alas!]

17. *Idem.*—Speaking respecting the order of Cincinnati, he says, "A due horror of the evils which flow from these distinctions could be excited in Europe only, where the dignity of man is lost in arbitrary distinctions—where the human species is classed into several stages of degradation—where the many are crouched under the weight of the few, and where the order established can present to the contemplation of a thinking being, no other picture than that of God Almighty and his angels trampling under foot the host of the damned."—p. 420. (See Nos. 12 and 24.)

18. *Idem.*—"We must keep the passions of men on our side, even when we are persuading them to do what they ought to do."—p. 422. [Then men are not wholly governed by reason.]

19. *Idem.*—"The principle of the English news-writers is to lie boldly, that they may not be suspected of lying."—p. 423.

20. *Idem.*—On the subject of extravagance in living,—"Would a missionary appear, who would *make frugality the basis of his religious system*, and go through the land, preaching it as *the only road to salvation*, I would join his school, though not generally disposed to seek my religion out of the dictates of my own reason, and feelings of my own heart."—Vol. 2. p. 10.

Speaking of the English, he writes, "The nation hate us; their ministers hate us, and their King, more than all other men." *Ibm.*—"We are young, and can survive them; but their rotten machine must crush under the trial."—p. 13.—(See No. 11 and 41.)

Of Mr. Monroe, he writes, "He is a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outwards, without discovering a blemish to the world."—p. 15.

Of the British commerce, he writes, in 1786, "We should try to turn our trade into other channels." [Madison's resolutions.] p. 16. (See No. 33.)

21. *Idem.*—"A naval force can never endanger our liberties, nor occasion bloodshed; a land force would do both."—p. 43. (See No. 6.)

22. *Idem.*—"It is no longer doubtful that the harbor of Chesbourg will be complete—that it will be a most excellent one, and capacious enough to hold the whole navy of France. Nothing has ever been wanting to enable this country to invade that (England) but a naval force conveniently stationed to protect the transports."—p. 45.

23. *Idem.*—"Do not bite at the bait of pleasure, till you know there is no hook beneath it."—p. 51.

24. *Idem.*—Respecting the Cincinnati, he writes, "The day will certainly come when a single fibre left of this institution will produce an hereditary aristocracy."—p. 63. (See No. 17.)

25. *Idem.*—"They (the theorists) all suppose the earth a created existence. They must suppose a creator then, and that he possessed power and wisdom to a great degree. As he intended the earth for the habitation of animals and vegetables, is it reasonable to suppose he made two jobs of his creation—that he first made a chaotic lump, and set it into rotary motion, and then waited the million of ages necessary to form itself? That when it had done this, he stepped in a second time, to create the animals and plants which were to inhabit it? As the hand of a creator is to be called in, it may as well be called in at one stage of the process as another.—We may as well suppose he created the earth at once, nearly in the state in which we see it, fit for the beings he placed on it." After some reasoning on the hypothesis that the earth was at first a fluid mass, he adds, "I use this reasoning only on the supposition that the earth had a beginning."—p. 67. (See No. 92.)

26. *Idem.*—"I am persuaded that the good sense of the people will always be found to be the best army. They may be led astray for a moment, but will soon correct themselves. The people are the only censors of their governors, and even their errors will tend to keep these to the true principles of their institution. To punish these errors too severely, would be to suppress the only safeguard of the public liberty. The way to prevent these irregular interpositions of the people, is to give them full information of their affairs through the channels of the public papers, and to contrive that those papers should penetrate the whole mass of the people. The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right. Cherish, therefore, the spirit of the people, and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they become inattentive to the public affairs, you and I, and Congress, and Assemblies, Judges and Governors, shall not become wolves. Experience declares that man is the only animal which devours his own kind."—p. 85. (See Nos. 5, 72, 63.) [Will newspapers always convey the truth?]

27. *Idem.*—"Societies exist under three forms, sufficiently distinguishable:—1. Without government, as among our Indians. 2. Under governments, wherein the will of every one has a just influence; as is the case in England, in a slight degree, and in our States in a great one. 3. Under governments of force, as is the case in all other monarchies and in most of the other republics. *It is a problem not clear in my mind, that the first condition is not the best.* [Garrisonism.] I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing."—p. 86, 87. (See No. 40.)

28. *Idem.*—"Nothing should be spared on our part, to attach this country (France) to us. It is the only one on which we can rely for support, under every event. Its inhabitants love us more, I think, than they do any other nation on earth."—p. 89. (See No. 66.)

29. *Idem.*—Of the French people, "Are they thus collected by that dogma of their religion, which makes them believe that, to keep the Creator in good humor with his own works, they must mumble a mass every day?"—p. 115.

30. *Idem.*—The King (of France) loves business, economy, order and justice, and wishes sincerely the good of his people; but he is irascible, rude, very limited in his understanding, and religious, bordering on bigotry. He has no mistress, loves his Queen, and is too much governed by her. Unhappily the King shows a propensity to the pleasures of the table."—p. 164. (See No. 36, 37.)

31. *Idem.*—"I have no fear but that the result of our experiment will be, that men may be trusted to govern themselves without a master. Could the contrary be proved, I should conclude that there is no God, or that he is a malevolent being."—p. 174.

32. *Idem.*—"For though we may say with confidence that the worst of the American constitutions is better than the best which ever existed before, in any other country, and that they are wonderfully perfect for the first essay, yet every human essay must have defects."—p. 180.

33. *Idem.*—"To draw the best proportion of (our exports) into the ports of France, rather than of any other nation, is believed to be the wish and interest of both."—p. 185. (See No. 20.)

34. *Idem.*—"Desperate of finding relief from a free course of justice, I look forward to the abolition of all credit as the only remedy which can take place," (for indolence and extravagance in Virginia.)—p. 192. "How happy a people were we (in Virginia) during the war, from the single circumstance that we could not run in debt."—p. 204. [Perish credit.]

35. *Idem.*—"Moral philosophy. I think it lost time to attend lectures on this branch. He who made us would have been a pitiful bungler, if he had made the rules of our moral conduct a matter of science."—*Letter to Peter Carr*, p. 216.

36. *Idem.*—"The King (of France) goes for nothing. He hunts one-half the day, is *drunk the other*, and signs whatever he is bid."—p. 249. (See No. 30.)

37. *Idem.*—To Count Montmorin: "Accept my sincere prayers that the King with life and health may be long blessed with so faithful and able a servant, and you with a prince, the *model of royal excellence*."—Vol. 3. p. 49. (See Nos. 30, 36.)

38. *Idem.*—"The Count de Moustier will find the affections of the Americans with France, but their habits with England."—Vol. 2. p. 250.

39. On the federal constitution, when it first appeared:—"The house of federal representatives will not be adequate to the management of affairs, either foreign or federal. Their President seems a bad edition of a Polish King. He may be elected from four years to four years for life."—p. 266.

40. *Idem.*—Writing on the British lies about anarchy in the United States: "Where does this anarchy exist, (in 1787) where did it ever exist, except in the single state of Massachusetts? And can history produce an instance of *rebellion so honorably conducted?* I say nothing of its motives: they were founded in ignorance, not wickedness. God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all and always well-informed (See No. 26.) We have had thirteen States independent for eleven years. There has been one rebellion. That comes to one rebellion in a century and a half for each State. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."—p. 267, 268 (See p. 276. See No. 27.)

41. *Idem.*—Speaking of the enmity of Great Britain to the United States, he says, "I am satisfied that were our continent to be swallowed up by the ocean, Great Britain would be in a bonfire from one end to the other."—p. 269. (See No. 20.)

42. *Idem.*—"I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive. Say, whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government or information to the people. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve them."—p. 276. [But according to his opinion, not without a rebellion once in a while.] (See No. 40.)

43. *Idem.*—"The instability of our laws is really an immense evil. I think it would be well to provide in our constitutions, that there should always be a twelve-month between the engrossing a bill and passing it."!!—p. 277.—[This provision would not insure stability. The instability of our laws proceeds from other causes, and the very principles the author advocates.]

44. *Idem.*—"There are minds which can be pleased by honors and preferments, but I see nothing in them but envy and enmity."—p. 291, 292.

45. *Idem.*—[From Paris.] "There is scarcely an evil known in these countries which may not be traced to their King as its source, nor a good which is not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them. I can say with safety, there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America."—p. 303.

46. *Idem.*—"It is always better to have no ideas than to have false ones, to believe nothing than to believe what is wrong."—p. 336.

47. *Idem.*—"Mons. de Buffon considers chemistry but as cookery, and places the toils of the laboratory on a footing with those of the kitchen. I think it, on the contrary, among the most useful sciences, and big with future discoveries for the utility and safety of the human race."—p. 337.

48. *Idem.*—Writing of France in 1788, he says, "I think it probable that this country will, within two or three years, be in the enjoyment of a tolerably free constitution, and that without its having cost them a drop of blood."—p. 350.—[The revolution caused the destruction of a million of men, and ended in monarchy.]

49. *Idem.*—"If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go there at all."—p. 489. [Note this declaration.]

50. *Idem.*—"This is a body (the Judiciary) which, if rendered independent and kept strictly to their own department, merits great confidence for their learning and integrity."—p. 442. (See No. 83.)

51. *Idem.*—"The executive in our government is not the sole, it is scarcely the principal object of my jealousy. The tyranny of the legislatures is the most formidable dread at present, and will be for many years."—p. 443.

52. *Idem.*—"I consider Paris and Madrid as the two only points at which Europe and America should touch closely, and that a connection at these points should be fostered."—p. 457. (See No. 66.)

53. *Idem.*—"The question, whether one generation of men has a right to bind another, seems never to have been started, either on this or our side of the water. I set out on this *ground*, which I suppose to be *self evident*, that the *earth belongs in usufruct to the living*—that the dead have neither powers nor rights over it. The portion occupied by any individual ceases to be his when himself ceases to be, and reverts to the society. No man can, by *natural right*, oblige the lands he occupied, or the persons who succeed him in that occupation, to the payment of debts contracted by him."—(See No. 86.)

The writer then admits that *society* may form rules of appropriation, which may give lands to a wife, children, and creditors. But he adds, "A material difference must be noted between the succession of an individual and that of a whole generation. Individuals are parts of a society subject to the laws of the whole. These laws may appropriate a portion of land occupied by a decedent to his creditor, rather than to any other, or to a child, on condition he satisfies the creditor. But when a whole generation, that is, the whole society, dies, as in the case we have supposed, and another generation or society succeeds, this forms a whole; and there is no superior who can give their territory to a third society, who may have lent money to their *predecessors*, beyond their faculties of paying."—*Jefferson's Life*, vol. 3. p. 27. 28.

"The conclusion then is, that neither the representatives of a nation, nor the whole nation itself assembled, can validly engage debts beyond what they may pay in their own time; that is to say, within thirty-four years from the date of the engagement."—p. 28, 29.

"We may consider each generation as a distinct nation, with a right, by the will of the majority, to bind themselves, but none to bind the succeeding generation, more than the inhabitants of another country."—Vol. 4. p. 196. (See p. 275 and 396.) [The author forgets that a nation or state is a corporation that never dies. A generation is not a body politic, nor a legal body in any sense. Here we see the origin of the opinions of *radicals*, which, if carried out, would subvert all rights and all government.] (See Nos. 79 and 86.)

54. *Idem.*—"I do not believe with the Rochefoucaults and Montaignes, that fourteen out of fifteen men are rogues. I believe a great abatement from that proportion may be made in favor of *general* honesty. But I have always found that rogues would be uppermost, and I do not know that the proportion is too strong for the higher orders, and for those who, rising above the swinish multitude, always continue to nestle themselves into the places of power and profit. These rogues set out with stealing the people's good opinion, and then steal from them the right of withdrawing it, by contriving laws and associations against the power of the people themselves."—Vol. 3. p. 315.

55. *Idem.*—Of Jay's treaty: "I join with you in thinking the treaty an *execrable* thing."—p. 317. (See No. 74.)

56. *Idem.*—To Mazzei: "The aspect of our politics has wonderfully changed since you left us. In place of that noble love of liberty and republican government which carried us triumphantly through the war, an Anglican monarchical and aristocratical party has sprung up, whose avowed object is to draw over us the substance, as they have already done the forms, of the British government. The main body of our citizens, however, remain true to their republican principles: the whole landed interest is republican, and so is a great mass of talents. Against us are the executive, the judiciary, two out of three branches of the legislature, all the officers of the government, all who want to be officers, all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty, British merchants, and Americans trading on British capital, speculators and holders in the banks and public funds, a contrivance invented for the purposes of corruption, and for assimilating us in all things to the rotten, as well as the sound parts of the British model."—p. 327. [This description of men includes Washington and his supporters.]

57. *Idem.*—"The alien bill will be ready to-day, probably, for its third reading in the Senate. It has been considerably mollified, particularly by a proviso saving the rights of treaties. Still it is a most detestable thing."—p. 391. [It was executed by President Madison on Mr. Stuart, British Consul at New-London.]

LOVERS.—Every observer of human nature must have perceived that lovers not only do not excercise the power of ridicule over each other, but they cannot conceive that the idol of their imaginations should be the subject of it. As intercourse in marriage becomes familiar, and the little graces of etiquette are laid aside, the idol, though not less worshiped, become less sacred. She is not the deity of the temple, but of the household; she is no longer the great Diana of Ephesus, approached at a distance with mysterious rites, but one of the Lares, meeting the familiar glance at every turn. This difference is never felt so keenly by a woman, as when she first discovers that it is possible for her to appear ridiculous to her husband. A man who differs from his wife and reasons with her, rather elevates her self-love; but, the moment he laughs at her, she feels that the golden bowl of married sympathy is broken.

THE NEWSPAPER.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of inteligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events which are passing in the busy world: it is a never failing source of amusement; and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man, who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of censure of his intelligent neighbors.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—I like, I confess, to see a young wife neatly dressed. There is a neatness which is perfectly compatible with plainness; and a dress may be graceful, without being ridiculous. I like a neat simplicity, because, somehow or other, there appears to be a frequent connection between the outside and the inside. The exterior is, to some extent, a key to the interior. If I see a person dressed like a thorough-going fop, I cannot, if I would, respect the mind of the person. Even where a future close acquaintance discloses to me my error, it is hard to overcome first impressions.

LOGICAL.—"What do you think of single blessedness?" said a gentleman to his friend. "Why," said he, as to single blessedness, it will do—but it certainly can be regarded only half as blessed as double blessedness."

A wedge of gold is in most cases more effectual than Cupid's dart. The heart may heal when pierced by the latter—but never recovers when the wedge is inserted.

Leaves from a Scrap-Book.—No. XXIV.

GWENWYNWYN;

OR THE POOL OF THE DIVING FRIAR.

Gwenwynwyn retired from the feasts of his hall;
He slept very little, he prayed not at all;
He wandered, and pondered, and studied alone,
And ceaselessly sought the Philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead on his roof;
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these on the plains like a torrent he broke;
He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke;
He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine,
And drove off all the sheep and the beeves and the kine:

He took castles and towns, he cut short limbs and lives;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives;
His course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When at last he had gained all for which he had striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven:
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know
How soon or which way his great spirit might go.

He sought the gray friars, who beside a wild stream
Refected their ways on the primitive scheme:
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly and fishing for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,
The friar stood musing and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn, "Hold, father! here's store
For the good of the church and the good of the poor."
Then he gave him the pebble; but ere he could speak,
Wrath came on the friar so holy and meek.

He stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the Bold;
And in wrath at the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn aghast not a syllable spake—
The Philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake—
The systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smooth'd them off as they never had been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted his voice—
"Oh, friar! gray friar, full rash was thy choice;
The stone, the good stone which away thou hast thrown,
Is the stone of all stones—the Philosopher's stone."

The friar looked pale when his error he knew—
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue;
And heels over head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain;
The gift he had slighted he found not again;
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the gray friar a diver so stout;
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving like backchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil the very same night;
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle and marched with the plunder away.

No mass on the silence of midnight was rolled
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold;
The brethren, unfee'd, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream—
The Philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream;
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze;
The mad friar's diving-place long was the theme,
And no peasant can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight wind ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river's side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

FLOWERS.—How much of the poetry of life springs from flowers! How delicate a pleasure is it to twine the orange-blossom or japonica for the bride—to arrange a bouquet for the invalid—to throw simple flowers into the lap of childhood—and to pull rose-buds for the girl of whom they are the emblem!

To be born, to marry, and to die, is the whole history of man and woman.

TIME.—'Millions of money for an inch of time,' was the cry of Queen Elizabeth when she lay on her death bed. What a warning to those who daily waste hours of their precious existence.

WHY WIVES CAN MAKE SO WILLS:
Men dying make their wills—why cannot wives?
Because wives have their wills during their lives

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1838.

Thoughts on the Currency.—It is a disgrace to modern legislation, to the age in which we live, and a biting satire on the progress of mankind in the science of self-government, that the great manufacturing and commercial interests of our country are suffered to remain in their present prostrate and miserable condition. Month after month drags wearily by, and brings no relief. With every element of prosperity but a good Currency and its concomitants, we are enduring all the evils which should afflict only a bankrupt, worn-out and degenerate nation. Property will not command one-half its intrinsic, actual value, because of the scarcity of money; debts cannot be paid by those who have an abundance of means, because of the lack of the precise medium of payment stipulated. It is a time of general trouble—of obstruction, of embarrassment—but not properly or truly of bankruptcy. It is just as though wheat were the acknowledged and established standard of value, in which all debts were stipulated to be paid, and there should happen some year to be little or no wheat raised. The consequences would of course be disastrous, unless some remedy were provided. The proper course would be to provide, either by legislation or mutual agreement, for a liberal construction of the existing contracts, or some other expedient by which a given amount of property should go very nearly as far as before in the liquidation of debts. Of this no one would have just right to complain. The creditor, who would receive as great and probably a greater amount of the comforts and conveniences of life—of property, in short—than was guaranteed to him by the spirit of his obligation, would rather be benefited in the increased facility and certainty of getting his pay at all, than injured by such an arrangement. The debtor could of course have no objection.

We offer these suggestions, not as preliminary to any agrarian or other summary process for the arrangement or satisfaction of debts, but to set forth and fortify the position that it is the imperious duty of the community, in a crisis like this, to interpose its organized power for the protection of its suffering members. Notoriously, something must be done. A concurrence of unfortunate circumstances and measures has reduced us to an insufficient and still decreasing currency—one of the greatest evils which can afflict an industrious, enterprising and commercial people. The vast amount of debt now outstanding cannot be paid without ruin to the debtors, unless the medium of payment is afforded. If the Rothschilds and Barings of Europe should first manage to get the people of some nation largely in debt to them, and then quietly buy up most of the precious metals in circulation and demand the payment of the sums due them, there is no doubt that they might vastly enrich themselves and win thousands. This is a direct consequence of the established law of trade which makes the precious metals, though in themselves not one-twentieth of the amount of property in the world, not only the standard of value in every thing, but the only ordinary measure of indebtedness and legal tender for payment. We must not take room to follow out the train of thought which brings us irresistibly to the conclusion that a metallic currency is equally susceptible with one of paper of ruinous fluctuations in amount and relative value, and may be made a far more perfect instrument of monopoly and oppression. It is our firm belief that if what is called the 'overaction' of 1836 and the revulsion of 1837, accompanied by a great change in the financial policy of our Government at home, counterchecked by a corresponding change of policy on the part of the moneyed power abroad, had found us with a currency exclusively of specie, the consequences would have been far more disastrous than those we have experienced.

—Before we propose our remedy for the public distress, then, we would premise that the pet terms 'irredeemable currency' and 'depreciated paper,' so freely applied to the issues of our Banks, have at farthest but a partial application. We believe that such paper as that of the Commonwealth and Franklin Banks of Boston, or our especial favorite the Lumbermen's at Warren, are depreciated and irredeemable to a grievous certainty; but such Bank Notes as are backed by abundant and available assets, which are in constant and brisk demand for payments to their issues, and therefore generally acceptable, and which command as great an amount of the necessaries and comforts of life as ever, are not properly depreciated simply because a sudden drain of specie has rendered impossible their immediate redemption in coin. Granting that convertibility into specie is at all times desirable, we might as well insist that a steam-boiler has actually exploded whenever the water within it is found to be lower than is ordinarily deemed prudent, as to say that bank paper is irredeemable when it will pass for its face in any transaction but the purchase of coin. In short, we maintain that alleged paradox, which has provoked so many a Loco-Foco witticism, that in the existing derangement of the Currency, specie, owing to an extraordinary demand, has really advanced in value, and not that Bank Notes have depreciated.

—But to our remedy. Briefly, then, we would wish to see an issue of one hundred millions of Treasury Notes by the Government of the United States, in convenient amounts, bearing an interest of one per cent. per annum, receivable for all dues to the Government, and specifically redeemable in Public Lands at cash prices. Let three-fourths of the whole amount be distributed among the States, according to their federal population, and considered as an advance distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands. Let the remainder be retained in the Treasury to meet the notorious deficiencies of the revenue, especially as the absorption of the proceeds from sales of Public Lands would diminish the resources of the Treasury. Let the residue be used by the several States in paying off their debts and extending further aid to Internal Improvement and Education. These are but the outlines of the plan; but we firmly believe that its adoption would at once relieve the Government and the People from embarrassment, furnish a sound, uniform and sufficient Currency, revive trade and manufactures as if by magic, and in three months restore its just value to property and prosperity to the country. It would go far to do away the necessity for a National Bank by affording at once a National Currency and universal medium of exchanges. It would preclude, too, the necessity for further Banks of issue in the several States; and if the Sub-Treasury bayonet must be screwed on to the financial policy of the Government, it would enable the Banks to wind up their affairs with solvency and die with decency. In short, the plan affords a certainty of relief;—why may it not be adopted?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBANY, Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1838.

There has nothing of special interest transpired in the Legislature since my last, save the winding up of the Sub-Treasury discussion that evening—or rather at half past one the next morning. It is understood that the minority spoke against time with the view, not of delaying an expression of the Assembly's opinion, but of thinning the vote. Even this was but slightly successful, as the vote at that unseasonable hour was 86 to 18. The House then ordered its Speaker and Clerk to sign the Preamble and Resolutions, and transmit them to the two Houses of Congress, without awaiting or asking the concurrent action of the Senate, which, it was sufficiently notorious, could not be obtained. This is a bold and original step, and would seem open to serious criticism. Of course, it is not intended to exert any other than a moral influence over the deliberations of Congress. Mr. Wright remains uninstructed, so far as the legislative forms are regarded, and is safe for this session.

Since this question was decided, both the Senate and House have been occupied with the settlement of the details of their respective General Banking projects. Some little observation has diminished my confidence in the practical utility of these projects, though I still think some bill will pass, in accordance with what seems to be the almost unanimous wish of the Members. The Senate's bill is generally esteemed the best, as the least complicated of the two; but it will not be adopted without much amendment.

The House has now been at work upon Mr. Patterson's bill either three or four days, and it has got through with four sections, and a motion to reconsider the first has just prevailed! But I can give a still better idea of its progress. To-day the bill was taken up, and the fourth section (an unimportant one) was considered and adopted. The question being now on the fifth, the Committee of the Whole soon got entangled in difficulty, and it was resolved that this could not be settled until after some other points had been. A motion was at length made and carried to cut the knot by reconsidering the first section. But after laboring at this for a while to no purpose, it was resolved to let go here again, and jump into the heart of the bill. (Mr. Mann suggested that, considering its peculiar construction, it would probably be found best to commence at the latter end, and go through with it crab-fashion.) But finally the House got at work in the middle, and took up the clause exacting the *personal responsibility* of the stockholders in the Banking Associations to be formed under this law. This was opposed by Messrs. Barnard, Willis Hall, Hoard and Wardwell, and defended by Messrs. Patterson and Mann. No question was taken, and the great effort on this point was reserved for to-morrow; but I feel certain that this personal liability clause will be stricken out, as it should be. If our legislators cannot provide ample security for bill-holders without including the individual responsibility of the owners of Bank stock, they may as well quit at once.

Congress.—In the Senate, during the past week, the Sub-Treasury Bill has been the constant and almost sole topic of discussion. It is difficult to give any abstract, as one stage of the business hardly seems to have been more important than another. Mr. Clay's speech seems to have been the most prominent point. It is described by the letter-writers and by the Opposition as a very powerful piece of argument and eloquence. His arguments were chiefly directed against Mr. Calhoun's speech; and as Mr. Calhoun is said to have been angry at the conclusion, there is some reason to conjecture that he was worsted. This cannot be vouched for, however, as the Administration prints hold very different language with regard to Mr. Clay's *effort*. The Globe says that he "delivered himself as he would have played a hand at brag." As the speaker has been represented to have considerable familiarity with that game at cards, he must have got through his oration with wonderful ease and skill. No full report of the speech has as yet come to hand.

Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, declared his intention to vote against the bill, according to the instructions which he received from the Pennsylvania Legislature. A fortnight since, we expressed the opinion that the bill, as reported by Mr. Wright, of New-York, would not pass the Senate. We are still firm in that opinion.

Mr. Ruggles, of Maine, applied, through Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts, for an investigation of his patent padlock corruption case, which has been granted, and a committee appointed to investigate.

In the House, the Canada Frontier bill has afforded a topic for long and laborious discussion. The speeches will probably have about as much effect as usual, and every member will vote precisely as he had determined before a word had been uttered on the subject. That this bill or some other ought to pass, every new aggression of our citizens upon neutral rights amply testifies.

It is a source of congratulation that the House has at length hit upon something to talk about, that has the appearance of benefiting the nation at large. Until more ridiculous petitions are presented, or honorable members call each other hard names, we may hope that the business of the people will be considered worthy of attention.

Money Matters.—There is a general stagnation in the Money Market, and the operations are of such comparatively trifling importance that no calculations can be based upon them. Stocks are firm, however, and amidst the general gloom a ray of sunshine is now distinctly visible. Our foreign debt is nearly paid off—specie is flowing into the country from all quarters—the balance of exchange is over 4 per cent. in our favor—the Sub-Treasury scheme is on its last legs, and millions and millions are lying idle throughout the country. The Banks have more specie in their vaults already than is necessary for a basis, and we speak from book when we say that they will all resume before the time required by law—in May next. Contracts have been made abroad for nearly ten millions of dollars in specie, which we shall have in a few

months; and it is not hazarding too much to suppose that, ere long, the commercial world (upon which the prosperity of the country hinges) will again resume its wonted activity.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The bill for the appointment of bank commissioners has passed the House of Representatives of the Massachusetts Legislature. It had previously passed the Senate. It now wants the signature of the Governor to become a law. This it will no doubt receive, as Gov. Everett recommended the appointment of commissioners in his annual message.

The bill in aid of the Western Railroad was on Thursday ordered to a third reading, by a vote of 247 to 147.

CONNECTICUT.—The following are the gentlemen put in nomination by the great Whig Convention which assembled at Hartford on the 14th inst.

Wm. W. Ellsworth, of Hartford Co. for Governor.
Charles Hawley, of Fairfield Co. for Lieutenant Governor.
Hiram Rider, of Tolland Co. for Secretary of State.
Henry Kilbourne, of Hartford Co. for Comptroller.

NEW-YORK.—John B. Skinner, of Genesee county, has been appointed Circuit Judge of the 8th circuit, in place of Judge Gardiner resigned.

The Hon. James Vanderpool, of the 3d circuit, has resigned, the office of circuit Judge, in consequence of poor health.

NEW-JERSEY.—The council of this state have passed a law, giving each county, after the next census; (1840) one representative for every six thousand free inhabitants. No county to have less representatives than at present.

MICHIGAN.—A Canal Convention was to have been held at Homer, Calhoun county, on the 10th inst. to take into consideration the propriety and feasibility of a canal from the head of slack water navigation on the St. Joseph river, to lake Erie or Detroit river.

The Legislature have passed a bill authorizing the incorporation of a State Bank with a capital of five millions of dollars—founded upon the late loan of the State.

One of the provisions of the bill is, that the State Bank is to receive the bills of the local institutions; and furnish, when desired, drafts upon New York at the rate of two per cent. Should this prove to be the fact, it will have the effect to raise at once the credit and character of Michigan money.

Appointment by the Governor.—February 2, 1838.
Randolph Manning, Secretary of State.

OHIO.—A law has been passed by the Legislature providing for the erection of a new State House in the city of Columbus. The sum appropriated is ten thousand dollars.

The present assembly of Ohio has adopted a proposition, making the entire property of stockholders liable for the debts of the banks in which they are respectively interested, by a vote 41 to 43.

INDIANA.—The Whig State Convention appointed delegates to attend a National Convention, and has instructed them to vote for W. H. Harrison, first, and H. Clay, second, for the Presidency.

The Senate of Indiana have passed resolutions to the effect that the suspension of specie payments by the Banks of that State was "justifiable and necessary;" and requiring a resumption of payments within thirty days after a general resumption in the Atlantic Cities. These resolutions were adopted by a vote of 30 to 15.

ILLINOIS.—The Springfield Journal proposes Hon. Cyrus Edwards of Madison County as the Opposition candidate for Governor of Illinois, and Hon. Wm. H. Davidson of Wabash for Lieutenant Governor, as antagonists of Messrs. Stephenson and Hacker, nominated by the Van Buren Convention. John T. Stuart is in like manner proposed as the Opposition candidate for Congress from the Third District, now represented by Hon. Wm. L. May, Conservative.

A branch of the Shawneetown bank is to be established at Alton in the course of a few weeks. The directors are only waiting to receive the first instalment of $400,000, accruing from the sale of State bonds.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Convention on the Constitution have decided that the amendments which they propose to the Constitution shall be submitted to the people at the general election, the 2d Tuesday of Next October, and that the people shall vote on the amendments collectively.

VIRGINIA.—Mr. Ellis of Accomack has renewed his Anti-Sub-Treasury resolutions in the Senate, and Mr. Smith of Culpepper has met them with a substitute, proposing an entire disconnection between the deposites of the General Government and Bank deposites, but providing for the reception, in payment of public dues, of the notes of specie-paying Banks, to be converted into specie at short intervals.

The Committee on Internal Improvement in the Legislature have reported in favor of an extensive and liberal system of Internal Improvement. One branch of the system is to construct a railroad from the Tennessee line to Evansham, Wythe Court House, and there divide into two branches, one to Lynchburg, and another to Danville.

MARYLAND.—The bill for the reform of the Constitution of Maryland has passed the Legislature, and a salute was fired at Annapolis on the occasion.

TENNESSEE.—The House of Representatives of Tennessee, by a vote of 58 to 7, has passed a bill 'to establish a system of Common Schools;' also, a series of resolutions in favor of annexing Texas to the Union, by a vote of 53 to 9, and concurred in by the Senate. The Legislature adjourned on the 29th ult. The Governor's nominations of officers of the new State Bank were confirmed with great unanimity. Wm. Nichol is President of the principal Bank at Nashville. During the session, a bill for the suppression of tippling houses, and a bill to prevent the issue and circulation of change bills, were passed. The preamble and resolutions against the Sub-Treasury scheme passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 36 to 12. A bill to authorize the State of Georgia to extend her Western and Atlantic Railroad to the Eastern margin of the Tennessee river, has passed both Houses of the Legislature.

NORTH CAROLINA.—At a recent meeting at Windsor Court House, a committee of fifty was nominated to digest a plan for calling a Convention of the People of North Carolina, on the subject of abolition movements in the non-slave-holding States, and to report to an adjourned meeting to be held this month.

GEORGIA.—A Common School system has been adopted by the Legislature, by which $500,000, heretofore set apart as a Poor School and Academic fund, together with one-third part of the surplus revenue, is constituted a fund to be devoted to the support of Common Schools. A bill has been reported in the Legislature to prohibit the circulation of bills under ten dollars, and also requiring Banks to pay specie for their bills.

KENTUCKY.—A Bill to repeal the law prohibiting the importation of slaves into this State, has been ordered to a third reading in the Senate, by a vote 20 to 12.

The Bill to compel the banks to resume specie payments, has been postponed indefinitely. Ayes 42, Nays 27.

A law has been passed by the Legislature of Kentucky authorizing the sense of the people to be taken upon the call of a convention for amending the Constitution of the State.

It is supposed, by the Frankfort Argus, that the Legislature will adjourn some time between the 10th and 20th inst.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Bank Commissioners have reported to the Legislature of Mississippi the result of their investigation. They give it as their opinion that the Banks of that State will not be able to resume before August, 1839. There were several bills pending before the Legislature for the charter of additional Banks.

LOUISIANA.—Hon. Henry Johnson, who now represents the New Orleans District in Congress, is proposed as the Opposition candidate for Governor at the July Election; and Gov. E. O. White, it is suggested, will decline a renomination for Governor and run for Congress—In place of Mr. Johnson. This is what they call "rotation in office," we suppose. Hon. Denis Prieur, Mayor of New Orleans, will probably run for Governor on the Administration interest.

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law prohibiting free persons of color from coming into the State, and also prohibiting free persons of color who may leave the State from returning.

FLORIDA.—The bill calling a Convention for the purpose of organizing a State Government in Florida, has passed the Legislature and become a law. The Convention is to meet at the city of St. Joseph on the 1st day of December next.

New Express Mail.—An ingenious Yankee wishes us to call the attention of Amos Kendall to his new project for running an express between this city and Washington in eight hours. His plan is, to harness up a *dog*, a *cat*, and a *rat*, in such wise that it will be impossible for them to deviate from a direct line when under way. The cat is to precede the dog, and the rat is to be placed in advance of the cat. In this order they are to chase each other through, at the rate of 30 miles per hour. This reminds us of the Dutchman who tied an ear of corn upon the end of his wagon-tongue, to entice 'Old Dobbin' along.

New Papers.—'The Conservative,' a new daily paper, advocating Conservative principles, will be published on Thursday next, at No. 29 Ann-street.

The New-York 'Times and Commercial Intelligencer,' (which is to be the organ of the 'Conservatives') will be issued on or about the 5th of March, by N. T. Eldredge, Esq. at $10 per annum.

We have received the prospectus of another daily, to be issued on the 5th of March next, under the title of the 'Morning Chronicle.' The prospectus says:

"As New-York is the commercial emporium of the Union, so ought she to be the money centre. A National Bank, therefore, to be situated in this city, will the Morning Chronicle strenuously contend for."

The 'Schoharie Patriot,' a 'Whig' paper, has lately been issued at Schoharie C. H. N. Y. by Peter Mix, Esq. formerly Editor of the Montgomery Republican.

The 'Democratic Press,' an Administration paper, has been recently commenced at Lansingburgh, by W. I. Lamb, Esq.

The 'Sullivan County Whig' is the name of a large and well-conducted paper, which has just appeared at Monticello. Messrs. Wallace & Sweet, proprietors.

The 'Tennessee Farmer,' a new paper, devoted to agriculture, has been issued at Jonesborough, East Tennessee.

A new paper, entitled the 'Palmyra Whig,' by W. N. & E. J. Cole, has just reached us.

We perceive by the 'Detroit Morning Post,' that this spirited daily has been purchased by James M. Burger, Esq.—Mr. B. Kingsbury will continue in the Editorial department, and Mr. John Dally will manage the business concerns, as heretofore. The politics of the paper (which is Van Buren to the heart) will remain unchanged. The Post is carried on upon the high-pressure system, and has a small touch of aqua fortis in its composition. So much the better. We wish it success.

The first number of the 'Christian Statesman,' a neatly printed weekly paper, has been received. It is devoted to 'liberty, politics, African colonization, and religion.' Rev. R. Gurley, Editor: Etter & Rayne, publishers.

The 'Weekly Advertiser,' a '*neutral*' paper, by I. C. Parmenter, Esq. has been commenced at New-Bedford.

The 'Parlor Review' is the title of a very handsome weekly magazine, which we find upon our table for the first time. It is published both in the English and French languages, by George Carstensen, Esq. of Philadelphia, and will vie with any similar publication extant.

Hight of Conscientiousness.—A criminal in Massachusetts, under sentence of death, has written to the authorities that he entertains conscientious scruples against *hanging*, and cannot possibly give his assent to the opinion of the court without a gross violation of *principle*.

Hight of Expectation.—The Editor of the Litchfield Sun promises that some of his old *rules* shall be replaced by new ones, when he gets rich—that is, worth *eight or ten dollars*. What fatuity! The man must be insane, if he expects even to find himself in possession of that amount at one time: however, there's no knowing what may happen, for Litchfield is a 'powerful smart' place.

Hight of Frigidity—To enter your office upon such a morning as that of Tuesday last, (when the thermometer is 'ever so far' below zero,) and find all your fires frozen up.

Hight of Absurdity—To attempt to heat the same apartment by reading a chapter of Dante's '*Inferno*.'

Hight of Parsimony—For the Editor of a certain '*literary paper*' in this city to refuse the Historical Society a bound volume of his publication, and sell the same to a grocer for 37½ cents.

Hight of Disappointment—To run over your exchange papers for three weeks in succession, without finding either the Louisville Journal or Boston Galaxy among them. This we have experienced.

Hight of Delicacy—To ask your friend for the loan of his tooth-brush and pocket-handkerchief for a few days.

Hight of Liberality—For the publisher of the Saturday Courier to offer a premium of 18 musty novels as a bribe to those who will not take his paper on any other conditions.

St. Peter's Church, Barclay street.—This truly beautiful edifice will be opened and consecrated to-morrow, with all the pomp and solemnity of the Roman Catholic ritual. The Right Rev. Bishop Hughes will officiate pontifically, Dr. Powers will preach the dedication sermon, and the music of the mass will be that sublime composition, the 12th of Mozart. To add to the effect of the ceremony, the best musical

talent has been engaged, and the new organ (probably the most powerful in the city) will also be brought into requisition.

This Church is a perfect model of the Ionic order of architecture, and one of the most elegant buildings for public worship of which our city can boast. The interior is tastefully and appropriately ornamented, and contains accommodations for at least 2,000 persons. For the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the poor, and to defray, in part, the heavy expenses which have been incurred in the erection of this splendid temple, tickets of admission, at $1 each, have been issued for the imposing ceremony of to-morrow.

Winter.—Those who have been longing for winter must now be gratified to their hearts' content. The weather has been intensely cold during the past week, and both rivers are rendered almost impassable by floating ice. The Staten Island and Philadelphia boats still perform their trips with regularity. We were favored with good sleighing but for two or three days, which set about 15,000 bells jingling in the city and vicinity, and put a quietus to the existence of some twenty or thirty horses. All is now calm and quiet again, however, and the earth is once more spanned by a broad arch of 'ethereal blue.'

Destruction of the Bowery Theatre.—For the third time we are under the disagreeable necessity of announcing the entire destruction of this splendid edifice. It took fire early on Sunday morning last, in the carpenter's shop, over the pit, and in less than half an hour after the alarm was given, the whole building, together with all the machinery, dresses, and private property of the actors, was reduced to a heap of ashes. The pillars in front and the side walls are all that is left standing. The value of property destroyed, upon which there was no insurance, is estimated at $60,000. The building itself was insured for $35,000, which will not cover more than half the loss. This Theatre was destroyed in the same manner in May 1828, and afterwards in September 1836.

The interior of the house No. 52 Bowery, adjoining the theatre north, occupied as a porter house by Bradford Jones, and the cellar as an oyster house by L. T. Dame, was destroyed, together with a large number of canary and other birds: all, however, insured. No. 52½ was somewhat injured above; 54 slightly; 40 slightly.

But one opinion seems to prevail as to the cause of the fire. That it was the work of an incendiary there can be no doubt, as an attempt of the kind was made some few weeks ago. It is known that the establishment had secret enemies; and one gentlemen connected with it was heard to observe, a short time since, that he felt convinced that the theatre would be destroyed, if it became known that he had an interest in it.

We hear that the magistrates are actively employed in endeavoring to ferret out the incendiaries: several affidavits have been made, which implicate persons well known in the community, and we learn that two individuals have been arrested.

Whether the theatre will be again rebuilt, is a matter of doubt. It is in contemplation to run Canal-street through to the Bowery, and if this be done, the ground will be appropriated for the purpose.

Another.—At about 4 o'clock, another fire took place in a stable situated in the rear of Christie-street, near Walker-st. which was consumed. The body of a colored man was found among the hay after the fire was over, burnt to a crisp, who was probably asleep at the time it occurred.

THE LAST OF THE LIFE-GUARD.

We are much indebted to our correspondent for the following. Instead of making the corrections (to which he directs our attention) ourselves, we present an extract from his well-written letter, to our readers, which they will find interesting and valuable in a historical point of view.

On looking over the columns of the last number of the New-Yorker, (quarto) I perceived a sketch entitled "Washington's Life-Guard," from 'Custis' Recollections of Washington;" and to the conclusion of the extract I noticed, in particular, these few words:—"It is believed that the late Col. John Nicholas, of Virginia, was the last of the Life-Guard." Now, as a subscriber to your very valuable paper, I take the liberty of stating to you these few facts; that Mr. Robert Blair, now residing in this place, was a member of that famed corps, from the time it was established until the conclusion of the war. He was born April 20th, 1762, and is now aged about seventy-six years. At the early age of fourteen he entered the army as a soldier, and on March 18th, 1778, at the age of sixteen, was appointed a member of the Washington Life Guard, and continued as such for five years and three months, when peace was declared. He then received his discharge which may, at any time, be seen at Mr. George Webb's museum, Colden street, signed by Major Colfax and his aids, and countersigned by Gen. Washington.

He was in all the principal battles of the Revolution, among which I might mention those of Brandywine, Germantown, Barren Hill, Yorktown, Monmouth, Springfield, &c.; and what appears most miraculous, is, that in all the battles he ever fought, in all the skirmishes he was engaged, he never received a single wound—not even a scratch. At the battle of Kingsbridge there were four men killed by his side, two before him and one on each side of him.

Yesterday I was reading to him the description, from the New-Yorker, of the affair of Barren Hill and the battle of Monmouth, as given in the extract. Often, previous to this, had he given me a description of the dress of the Life-Guard; often has he described to me the affair of Barren Hill, of the retreating Americans reaching the ford of the Schuylkill—of their entering the river, the taller men sustaining the shorter, and finally reaching the friendly shore; all of which corresponded, exactly, with the account given in the extract. But one thing, he says, is wrong, which is the date given of the affair of Barren Hill; instead of the spring of '78 it ought to be the fall of '77, the same year of the battle of Brandywine, in which Lafayette received his wound. He also mentioned, that he belonged to the detachment under the command of Captain Gabriel Long, who surprised a party of the enemy while washing at a brook, on the morning of the battle of Monmouth. He also says, that he was intimately acquainted with the serjeant, the only man who was wounded; his name was Wilson. I asked him if he was 'the last of the Life-Guard,' he answered *no*, that there was one more yet left, whose name was Benjamin Eton; he lives at Little Britain, a few miles back from Newburgh; he served in the last part of the war; he thinks about two or three years. He knows of no other living.

The old gentleman's memory still continues very good. Perhaps there is no man, that has seen and can recount so many revolutionary battles and incidents, at this advanced period. L.

Newburgh, February 13, 1838.

Annual Report of Interments.—From the Annual Report of Henry G. Dunnell, City Inspector, (a most elaborate document, comprising a great mass of facts and calculations interesting to the curious,) it appears that the number of deaths in this city during the year 1837 was 8732, viz. men 1941, women 1630, boys 2768, girls 2389.

Number of deaths in January 802, February 713, March 848 April 750, May 688, June 633, July 791, August 965 September 804, October 607, November 561, December 570.

Of the whole number deceased, 1946 were one year old or under, 1001 between one and two, 901 between two and five, 369 between five and ten, 334 between ten and twenty, 1062 between twenty and thirty, 913 between thirty and forty, 657 between forty and fifty, 375 between fifty and sixty, 243 between sixty and seventy, 162 between seventy and eighty, 73 between eighty and ninety, 15 between ninety and a hundred, 1 over a hundred, 40 unknown.

The deaths by consumption were 1453, convulsions 816, scarlet fever 579, still-born 550, inflamation of the lungs 534, dropsy of the brain 365, typhus fever 338, marasmus or emaciation 292, cholera Infantum 253, teething 242, measles 238, inflammation of the bowels 220, small pox 164, inflammation of the brain 161, croup 151, diarrhœa 151, dropsy 150, fever 130, appoplexy 129, dysentery 124, old age 122, drowned 121, cholera morbus 20, hydrophobia 3, intemperance 50, delirium tremens 78, suicide 42, burned or scalded 49.

Of the whole number of persons deceased (8732) 6640 were natives of this country, Ireland 1206, England 381, Scotland 74, France 45, West Indies 17, Sweden 14, Spain 3, Canada 3, Wales 6, Nova Scotia 5, Italy 4, Holland, Switzerland, South America, and At Sea, 3 each; Denmark and Africa, 2 each; Bavaria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Norway, and China, 1 each; unknown, 134.

Buried in Potter's Field 2129; Roman Catholic burying grounds, 2707; Methodist, 1262; Presbyterian, 1079; Episcopalian, 905; Dutch, 406; Baptist, 149; Friends, 56; Hebrews, 29.

Appointments by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate.

Henry A. Muhlenburgh, of Pennsylvania, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria.

John Randolph Clay, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of Legation.

Washington G. Singleton to be Attorney of the United States, for the Western District of Virginia.

Richard W. Greene, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of Rhode Island.

Francis H. Gregory, to be a Captain in the Navy from the 31st January, 1838.

Samuel W. Downing, to be a Commander in the Navy from the 23d September, 1837.

Benjamin Macomber, to be a Captain in the Marine Corps from the 18th of January, 1838.

Archibald H. Gillespie, to be a First Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from the 18th of January, 1838.

William Chandler and John A. Russ, to be Lieutenants in the Navy from the 23d of September, 1837.

Austin W. Allen, of Louisiana, to be a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from the 16th of February, 1838.

Horatio Bridge, of Maine, to be a Purser in the Navy from the 16th of February, 1838.

The United States (Phila.) Gazette says—"We understand that Gov. Wolf has received his appointment of collector of the port of Philadelphia. It is stated that Major Baker will take office vacated by Mr. W."

Banks of Maine.—The following *recapitulation* of the Abstract from the returns of the Directors of the Banks in Maine, prepared by the Secretary of State, shows the *actual condition of all the Banks*, so far as the returns can show it, by a comparison of their *liabilities* with their *resources:*

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	$5,458,750 00
Bills in circulation	1,696,023 00
Net profits on hand	154,329 62
Balances due to other Banks	351,260 34
Cash deposited, &c. not bearing interest	763,741 99
Cash deposited bearing interest	315,656 85
Total Liabilities	$8,739,761 80
RESOURCES.	
Gold, Silver, &c. in Banks	$246,720 15
Real Estate	136,260 44
Bills of Banks in this State	111,914 73
Bills of Banks elsewhere	51,239 94
Balances due from other Banks	640,696 87
Notes discounted	7,552,938 67
Total Resources	$8,739,761 80

SUMMARY.

Serious Fire at West-point.—A fire broke out Sunday morning in the Cadet's Barracks in the Engineering Academy, 50 feet west of South Barrack. The valuable models in the same were destroyed; but the chemical and philosophical apparatus saved. The walls are all that is left standing of the building.

A new Idea.—One of our jokers, the other day, on reading the deaths in a down-east paper and seeing the ages of many on the list to be 80 and upwards, said he could'nt see how people afforded to live so long at the north—he was'nt but 30, and had'nt money enough to hold him out much longer.

[New Orleans paper.

Medical Science at Lexington, Ky.—The Transylvania University has 227 students in its medical department, from 17 different States, and from England and Texas.

Fanny Wright D'Arusmont is said to be lecturing at Cincinnati on the subject of pork.

Counting Chickens before they are hatched.—The Mexican government has made several official appointments for Texas, WHEN it shall become a province.

Glory for Gen. Jesup.—It is stated that a large wolf has been committing serious depredations on the farmers' stock in the interior towns of New-Hampshire. The papers say that every effort has been made to capture the animal, except with *a flag of truce.* They should send for Jesup.

Michigan.—This state, yet in its infancy contains nearly one hundred and seventy nine thousand inhabitants, and produced from the crops of last season one million five hundred thousand bushels of wheat. No danger of a famine this year in Michigan.

The Rev. Dr. Wainwright has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church Boston, and accepted an invitation to become an assistant minister of Trinity Church, New-York. Immediately on accepting the invitation, Dr. Wainwright entered on the duties of his new charge. [N. Y. Churchman.

There were 100 deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, 39 of which were adults, and 61 children, 10 people of color included in the amount.

European Queens.—The Queen of England is just eighteen, the Queen of Portugal is a month older, the Queen of Spain not quite seventeen, and the regent her mother, about thirty one.

Post Office change.—The Post Office heretofore known as Pomroy's Corners, in Conneaut township, in this county, has been removed, and changed to Jackson's ✕ Roads, and A. P. Holmes appointed Post Master. [Erie Obs.

New arrangement.—The Post Office, heretofore called Wheatland, in Bradford county, Pa. has been changed to *Herrick*—ISAAC L. CAMP Esq. is Postmaster.

Living is excessively dear in Houston the capital of Texas. The prices of some of the articles quoted are as follows:—"Flour $25 per bl.; Hams 50 cents per lb.; Butter $1,50 per lb.; Chickens $2 per pair; Eggs 20 cents a piece."

Hurrah for old Kentucky.—Kentuck's the place to live in, says somebody! An exchange says that venison is three dollars a saddle, pork three cents per pound, and best beef five cents!

Faithfuls Sentinels.—The negroes of McNab's army was occasionally placed as sentinals, and of course entrusted with the counter sign, or password. One night it was Victoria. One of the "Invincible sons of Hannibal" was approached; he hailed as follows: "who come dere? Advance and gib de countersignal. Say Victoria, or you no pass here dis night!'

Utica and Schenectady Railroad.—The nett income of this road, after deducting both the expenditures for construction and transportation, amounts to over *one hundred thousand dollars.*

Col. Sir Geo. Arthur, the new Lt. Gov. of Upper Canada, is expected out here in the Samson packet, until when Sir F. Head will remain at his post at Toronto.

Wm. H. Harrison, Jr. the second son of General Harrison, died lately at North Bend, aged 36 years.

The Frontier.—Forty-one of the 800 troops, on their way from Halifax to Montreal, perished of cold.

Flour is now selling at $10 75 in Detroit, and goes off as fast as the millers can grind it. They pay $1 50 per bushel for wheat. Pork 10 cents.

At the last census, the number of rats reported to be in Boston was seven thousand, eight hundred and one, exclusive of mice. [Boston Herald.

A young Polish exile shot himself in Philadelphia on Thursday evening last. He is said to have been a man of superior and diversified abilities, but 'poetic temperament.'

A Fact to be noted.—Seven years ago, there were 1129 distilleries in New-York; now there are only 200.

Some convicts broke open a jail in Maryland, where they were confined, when one of their fellows refused to leave, stating that he was enjoying the most comfortable quarters he had seen for some years, and had no idea of giving up a *certainty* for an *uncertainty.*

The militia of New-York State is estimated at about 134,000, of which 7000 are horse and 9000 artillery. The whole number less by 8000 on the muster books than last year. The cause is not stated. It is not diminished increase of population, but perhaps greater emigration to the west.

The lateral rail road from Trenton to Bordentown, is completed, and cars are now running on it.

A merchant from New-York on a business tour through Mississippi writes flatteringly of the business prospects at Vicksburg and other towns.

The awards to our merchants under the Spanish Indemnity amount to $599,350 28, of which $60, 971 92, or nearly one-seventh, is received from Spain and ready for distribution.

The People's College.—Kentucky has passed a law establishing a system of education throughout the State.

Fast Race against Time.—A young man named Alexander Robinson, one day last week ran the distance from Brooklyn to Jamaica and back again in 4½ hours. The whole distance is 24 miles. The race was made upon a wager that he would not accomplish the distance in 5 hours.

Seven horses were destroyed by fire at New Orleans on the 10th, including Kellar's foundry. Tchoupitoulas street. Loss $25,000, insured $10,000.

On Wednesday were presented to Congress 1500 petitions in the House of Representatives, the greatest number since 1820.

In Ohio, having near one million and a half of population, there were but about 105,000 who received instruction during 1837. There are only 4226 public and 2175 private schools.

Singular petition.—Mr. Adams presented a petition to the house the other day, praying congress to *build a wall.*

He also requested congress to inquire whether the American army was safe in its present propinquity to the Indians?

General Jackson.—By an express mail letter received from Nashville, we have the painful intelligence that General Jackson has been again visited with a hæmorrhage of the lungs, and that great apprehension was entertained for the issue of this second attack. [Globe.

The Alexandria Gazette says the Mandamus cases—Stockton and Stokes vs. Post Master General—are expected to be taken up this week in the Supreme Court.

It is understood that at the end of the present term of the Supreme Court, the Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Butler, is to resign his office. Mr. Gilpin, of Philadelphia is spoken of as his successor.

The People's Bank at Bangor, and the Agricultural Bank, at Bangor, Me., are about to surrender their charters.

A bill of no small interest to farmers, has passed the Assembly of New Jersey. It establishes the bushel of wheat at 60 pounds; of rye and corn, at 56; of Buckwheat, 50; of Barley, 48; of flax seed, 54; and of clover seed, 50.

Internal Improvements.—New-York has expended on internal improvements $13,000,000, and authorized the expenditure of $12,000,000 more. Pennsylvania has constructed 961 miles of Railroad and Canal, at an expense of $25,000,000. Illinois appropriated in 1837, $9,600,000 for internal improvements. Maryland, in 1836, appropriated $8,000,000. Virginia has expended and appropriated $7,500,000. Michigan appropriated last year $5000,000. Making the amount appropriated and expended by six States $85,100,000.

Mild Weather.—At New Orleans the winter is so mild that the dinner tables are furnished with green peas, and garnished with bouquets of flowers, all raised in the open air!

Dailies in Cincinnati.—There are six daily papers in Cincinnati, and a seventh is about being started by gentlemen from the east.

A new Railroad.—The first trip of the cars on the Detroit and St. Joseph's railroad was to be made on the 3d inst. The road is completed from Detroit to Ypsilanti, thirty miles.

United States Whale Trade.—It is estimated in the New Bedford Mercury, that the quantity of Sperm Oil brought into the United States during the year 1837 amounted to 181,724 barrels, and the Whale Oil to 219,128 barrels.

Michigan Banks.—From Michigan we have received a highly interesting Report of the Banks of that State for the last month. The details are given at great length In Michigan there are two systems of banking in operation: the old incorporated system, and the new system organized under a General Banking law. The following are the principal items, according to the returns made on the 1st of January:

Banks chartered.	Capl. pd. in.	Loans.	Specie.	Circula.	Depos
Michigan & Branch	50,000	1,337,143	99,351	410,330	169,449
Do. State Bank	200,000	241,185	44,561	124,092	54,039
River Raisin	150,000	274,541	23,775	107,176	29,507
Washtenaw	100,000	188,749	6,165	88,432	2,404
Ypsilanti	100,000	144,242	17,691	104,728	4,349
Erie & Kalamazoo	66,000	134,435	10,812	71,070	20,192
St. Clair	40,000	76,707	14,472	60,940	2,404
Clinton	40,000	60,504	14,245	48,500	7,125
Calhoun Co.	100,000	36,704	6,581	53,733	2,361
Tecumseh	30,000	80,298	13,710	74,251	3,334
Constantine	20,000	24,832	15,080	29,976	2,345
Farm. & Mech. Bank	400,000	852,944	78,461	303,139	177,092
Macomb	25,420	58,973	5,657	56,034	1,077
	2,041,420	3,511,367	350,343	1,551,201	475,648
Under General Bank Law.					
Farm. Bank of Homer	37,600	72,574	17,540	51,832	12,742
Bank of Oakland	15,000	17,911	19,322	19,813	6,481
Bank of Brest	30,000	37,316	35,204	52,262	5,659
Bank of Marshall	30,000				
Grand River	15,000				
Bank of Utica	14,000		5,568	14,225	2,064
	141,000	127,801	77,634	138,132	26,946

From these statements it will be seen that the Michigan Banks are in a tolerable good condition.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

We are without advices from Europe later than those received by the Sylvie de Grasse, from Havre, and the frigate Inconstant, from Ireland.

Col. Arthur.—This distinguished individual, who is appointed to succeed Sir Francis B. Head in Upder Canada, was formerly Governor of Van Dieman's Land.

If the following recommendations, which we extract from papers published at his old place of residence, can be relied upon, the Canadians have but little cause to rejoice at the removal of Sir Francis.

From the True Colonist.

A public meeting will immediately be called to *thank the King* for having at length had mercy on his poor afflicted subjects in this colony, and to present a *true address* to Col. Arthur from the colonists. It is proposed to have an illumination on Monday, with a bon-fire and fire-works, at the Battery point. He will be wafted from these shores with the sighs, the groans, and the curses of many a broken-hearted parent and many a destitute child, who owe their misery to the foolish and wicked system of misgovernment by which the colony has been ruined. He found the colony rapidly increasing in wealth and respectability—he has left it sunk in debt and misery. He neglected the useful roads and ruined the agricultural interests; he was the father of usury.

From the Hobart-Town News.

It was with feelings of most sincere satisfaction we announced, in our last number, the arrival of the "good ship" Elphiston, from England, bringing the very gratifying intelligence of the recall of Col. George Arthur, after an administration of twelve years; during the whole of which long period the people have been rendered miserable, wretched, unhappy, discontented by the misrule of his government.

From the Trumpeter.

Glorious News.—At length the happy intelligence has arrived of the removal of the most unpopular Governor that ever ruled a British Province.

From the Colonial Times.

Governor Arthur's Recall! Oh!! Glorious News!!!—It was with great satisfaction that the inhabitants of Hobart-Town welcomed that happy intelligence, publicly made known on Wednesday last, that Col. Arthur is forthwith to be removed from this government. A worse British Governor never ruled during the present century.

A singular discovery was made in Blaen-y-nant Lead Mine, near Mold, Flintshire, a few days ago. The workmen at the end of one of the levels, were surprised and obliged to run for their lives, in consequence of an immense rush of water suddenly bursting in upon them. After three days the water totally disappeared; and, on cautiously proceeding to the place, they found an opening through which the water had issued, of about four inches diameter. Hearing a sound as of a heavy run of water inside, they enlarged the aperture so as to admit of their passing through, and found that it was the bed of a subterraneous river, which, in all probability, affords the principal supply to the fortuned St. Winifredts Well, at Holywell, from which it is distant about 12 miles. The stream being then shallow, they explored it about 60 yards down, and were astonished to find several large caverns to the right and left, from the roofs and sides of which were suspended numerous and beautiful specimens of white spar, or stalactites. The company are in high spirits, these appearances being considered favorable for a large lodgment of ore.

Barbe Marbois, a distinguished French writer and statesman, says the name of the Mississippi river is a corruption of the Indian title, *Namesi-si-pou.*

Madame Malibran.—We learn from the Paris papers, that a monument, worthy of the enchanting Malibran, is about to be erected to her memory.

Monsieur de Beriot gave a *soirce musicale* in the beginning of December, at Brussels, to about a hundred of his friends, including the most distinguished dilletanti of the Belgian capital. On this occasion Miss Kemble, the daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble, sung the duet of "Bianca e Falsero" with Mdlle. P. Garcia, the sister of the late Madame Malibran. The company were delighted and astonished by the compass, purity and admirable richness of Miss Kemble's voice, and the two young ladies, by their performance, excited the most unbounded enthusiasm.

Sir Robert Peel has signified his acceptance of the office of Lord Chancellor of the University of Glasgow.

The estimates for the support of the British Navy in 1838, amount to more than twenty-two millions of dollars. The navy expenses of the United States in 1838, fall short of five millions of dollars.

The new Safety Coach.—Yesterday the safety principle of the new patent coach, recently described in most of the papers, was fully put to the test. Every attempt that could be made by a fair and furious driving over "bank and brae," to overturn the coach, was resorted to; but it weathered every trial, so much so, indeed, that all present declared, that to upset the vehicle was impossible.

The body of the coach instead of resting, as is usually the case, upon springs, is raised upon two upright supporters, rising from the beds and axles and passing up between the body and the boots. The tops of these supporters are surmounted by double eliptic springs, on which the body is so suspended that, on meeting inequalities on the road, the centre of gravity of the vehicle is freely adjusted, and the liability to overturn is completely conquered.

LITERARY

Of all musical compilations and books of instruction, the 'Album of Pianists,' by Schlesinger, of Paris, is the most esteemed.

Frederic Soulie has just published his new romance of the 'Memoirs of the Devil.'

The Nestor of Librarians, Mr. Jeremie David Reuss, is dead. For 55 years he was Conservator of the Library of the Gottingen University. Though 87 years of age, he was carried, during his illness, every morning to his favorite haunt, up to his death. He was also professor of general history and special literature, and has published many voluminous and valuable works.

History in France.—The Antiquarian Society of Beziers have discovered some new and curious details on the defeat of the Marshal Montmorency, at Castelnaudary, and his condemnation to death at Toulouse.

The Fishers, celebrated Paris and London book-sellers, have published, among their other splendid albums, those having illustrations of Asia Minor, the Himalaya Mountains, Syria, Holy Land, &c.

The stamp duty on newspapers in Switzerland has been abolished.

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans have sent to Mr. Alex. Dumas a complimentary medal on his new drama of Caligula. Yet the piece has been prohibited from the stage by M. Victor Hugo, rival of Dumas, and a censor of the drama.

The 'Diary of a Physician,' first published in Blackwood, is now published in a new edition of three volumes. They have been translated into every tongue.

Boz's new work was to have appeared in January.

Dr. Lardner is still lecturing on Railroads.

'*Pickwick Abroad*' is discountenanced in England. The French publishers have made sad work of the 'Pickwick Club' by an attempt at a translation.

NEW-YORK.

PROPRIETORS' NOTICE.

The Literary Department of The New-Yorker—viz. that comprising Reviews, Notices of Books, Literary Communications, Selections and Paragraphs—is under the direction of PARK BENJAMIN, Esq. The proprietors take pleasure in announcing the arrangement by which Mr. Benjamin has become one of the Editors of their journal. The other departments will be, as before announced, managed by Mr. HORACE GREELEY and Dr. W. M. ELDRIDGE; the services of the former being not in any manner decreased by his temporary absence from New-York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. H. H. is not exactly to our taste.

The following *gem* from a *casket* furnished us by a young lady is all we can find room for:

'And the wind it doth blow and wistle loud,
And the streets all with dust is filled,
And all around the fire the people doth crowd,
And insects with the frost is killed.'

The communications of H. B., A. T., C. F. S., and others, are upon our table, and noted for examination.

Mr. E. Covell, of Elmira, whose name lately appeared in our Black List, writes that his paper sent to Big Flatts was ordered by him to be discontinued at that place; but the Postmaster failing to give such information subjected him to an unjust exposure.

We are ever ready to rectify any mistake concerning delinquents There may possibly be those who would sometimes take the advantage of the parson of their parish, but it is hard for us to be persuaded that there exists on earth a fellow-mortal who would willingly and wantonly cheat the printer of his paper out of a single cent that is his just due.

Should any mistakes in future occur in the Black List, they will be promptly corrected when satisfactory evidence of such is received.

Book-purchasing.—Dibdin, in his 'Library Companion,' in congratulating himself upon the bibliographical prosperity of his day, writes—"I continue to hear and to receive the most flattering accounts from all parts of the country. A re-action is taking place.—Circulating libraries are enlarged and multiplied. The surplussage of wealth, in these 'piping times of peace,' finds a vent in the channel of book-purchasing."

When will such a consummation, most devoutly to be wished, take place in these *free*, sovereign and independent States? When will our superfluous wealth find a vent through the storehouses of booksellers and publishers?—To such questions we anticipate a Yankee's reply—another question: "What! are there not hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of books sold annually in the city of New York alone?" Yes! but what books? Cheap—cheap in every sense of the word. Ask the most extensive publisher from what kind of editions he realizes his largest profits, and he will tell you, the cheapest. And by whom are these books bought? Is their sale dependent upon the superfluous means of the purchaser? Certainly not. They are purchased by the poorer classes; for, Heaven be praised! a love of reading is diffused every where throughout our country.

Reading is the least expensive species of amusement in which a poor man can indulge. An ordinarily printed book of the value of a dollar will supply a fund of entertainment for every evening in a week or fortnight. The condition of society which calls for these cheap works is one upon which we should most fervently congratulate ourselves. We do not wish to quarrel with such books. Far from it. We hold in contempt the literary epicure, who, because an edition of a popular romance is unfit for his dainty and perfumed *fingers*, turns away from the closely-printed volumes with an expression of disgust. We should not care how many of these brown-paper books there were printed, provided they were eschewed by those who can afford to indulge in some of the superfluities and elegances of life. But here lies the evil. Here we earnestly desire the introduction of a refined taste—the same kind of taste precisely as superintends the furnishing of our houses. A man of fortune would hardly cover his drawing-room with baize, or furnish it with deal tables and rush-bottomed chairs: no! with all things else in harmony, his centre-table would be of the most finely-polished marble or some dainty wood, and yet upon that centre-table he would not hesitate to show the dirtiest and most common books, fit only to be read by such as him in a railroad car or steamboat! Behold our complaint! Books are the only things upon which our man of fortune refuses to expend his superfluous wealth. A library of choice books is not deemed the indispensable concomitant of a gentleman's home establishment. Even the ordinary books, cheap as they are, are not found abundantly in the houses of the rich. Their success depends upon their sale among individuals of the poorer classes.—We will venture to assert that the books which are purchased in all the States, simply to gratify a refined taste, would not yield a more than respectable livelihood to one publishing house. A library of five thousand volumes is a rarity in the houses of our wealthiest citizens. Go into the most superbly furnished dwellings, and how many and what books do you see? Some old English annuals, some American reprints of English Reviews and Magazines, some books of engravings keeping vile company with some dirty, wet novels, just from a steam press! We have made morning calls in a city a little farther south than New York, where, during the interval of our being shown into the drawing-room and the appearance of the fair object of our visit, we could not discover even these usual literary accessories, but were forced, as we were not partial to the contemplation of our own visage in a mirror of superb dimensions, to turn over the leaves of a music-book and read Haynes Bayly's love-ditties!

Newspapers with us induce many to read who otherwise would not. We have no doubt that if Calvin's Institutes were printed in a newspaper they would be read by three-fifths of the inhabitants. Almost any man would prefer to read the stupidest drawling of a newspaper scribbler, to the most brilliant sentences of a voluminous author. We think that by means of the newspapers, people in this country might be cheated into a good deal of knowledge, Next to newspapers in influence are periodical reprints. *Mr.* Dearborn's 'Republic of Letters' has undoubtedly created more readers to Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding than all the editions which were ever circulated in the continent since its discovery by Columbus. Of Charles Lamb's Essays of Elia, about ten thousand copies have been sold, published in this same series. So skilful a nurse was this 'Republic of Letters,' that under her care the sickliest literary offspring became a thriving brat; and one that fell stillborn from any other press but Dearborn's, would be resuscitated and imbued with an animated existence. Yet that excellent publisher deserves the full merit due to a self-sacrificing patriotism; for he arrested the 'Republic of Letters,' and has given to the country a very beautiful edition of the works of Lord Byron in six volumes, illustrated by engravings which are very favorable specimens of the art in America. Messrs. Hilliard, Gray & Co. Boston deserve to be canonized for their editions of Milton and Shakspeare. Their neatness and elegance are unsurpassed by the finest English editions, except in the item of paper. American paper seldom or ever looks well. It has a fragile appearance. The best we ever saw is that on which Halleck's poems were printed. The difficulty lies not so much in the inferiority of its fabric as in its want of age. No paper is fit for use until it has been stored for at least one year. The finest English editions are printed on paper at least seven years old. With this drawback to the perfect finish of American books, there are many editions now extant—thanks to the publishers above commemorated!—copies of which would adorn the book-shelves of the most elegant drawing-room. These books have created some taste, some nicety in the choice of books; and when the incubus which is now weighing down all the commercial energies of the country shall have been removed, we may anticipate some demand for such works as will reflect honor upon both printer and publisher.

The Great Metropolis—Second Series.—The author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons' is certainly a most amusing writer, His gossip is irresistably taking; it would be great in a drawing-room, with a select coterie; by the side of a blazing sea-coal fire in a winter's night, such a talker would be invaluable.—This Second Series strikes us as still more entertaining than the First. There is an evident improvement in the style, and the topics are in general more attractive. Mr. Grant is more happy in narration than description. His forte seems to lie in 'saying his say' with an off hand, captivating facility, and not in throwing out saliant points and sketching outlines for the imagination to fill up. For this reason his portraits of the English parliamentary orators, were, on the whole, failures. Though there was some chance for the author's talent at gossip in speaking of the persons themselves, yet the mind of the reader did not, as in the book before us, rest satisfied with that alone, but looked for something beyond, in the attempts to convey a picture of a speaker's manner and matter. Not a high order but a peculiar kind of talent is requisite to the preparation of a book like the 'Great Metropolis.' Exactly this peculiar talent does Mr. Grant possess. It is perfectly satisfactory that the limited range of our notices does not allow us to select parts or passages of a book in proof of our criticisms. We can, however, convince our readers of the justness of our remarks and at the same time entertain them richly by extracts, and then they may look for, next week and after, among the selections of our journal. Meantime a mention of the subjects treated, will perhaps so whet their appetites that, all those who are within reach of the publishers at Philadelphia or of Messrs. Carvills in this city, (to whose politeness we are indebted for the neat volumes,) will be induced to procure the work itself and not wait for certain amusing chapters.

First, we have a vivid account of 'Almack's,' the grand rendezvous, the *ultima thule* of London fashion. Next, we are treated with an *expose* of the political opinions of 'Tories, Whigs, Radicals, Destructives,' &c. &c. Then we hear fully about 'Literature' and 'Authors and Publishers,'—to us by far the most attracting portion. These are followed by, what will *at this time* be deeply interesting to the community, viz: 'The Bank of England' and the 'Stock Exchange.' Then a lower taste is fed by descriptions of the 'Old Bailey" and 'Newgate.'—"The whole to conclude," as they say at the theatre, with the farce of the 'Penny-a-liners,' in which that unique class are shown up to a charm. That man must be a cynic, who would not be pleased with whiling away a week of dull afternoons with so agreeable a companion as our Metropolitan gossiper.

The Divorced; by Lady Charlotte Bury, Authoress of 'Flirtation,' &c.—This book possesses a harrowing sort of interest, which compels one to read it from beginning to end. Nobody can pore over page after page, or dwell for a moment upon one paragraph more than another. There is no attempt at fine writing, very few figures of speech except simply for the purposes of illustration, and very few of those apostrophes to the moon or the stars, to love or friendship, which seem to be so necessary to eke out the *quantum sufficit* of a modern fashionable novel. But, instead of these, there is a simple, direct narrative style, which, pausing to catch no graces or hardly to observe grammatical correctness, rushes on, like a mountain brook, till it terminates in that calm, lake-like quietude, which always ensues after the developement of the catastrophe of an exciting story. It resembles those tales of passion which used to be brought out with such rapidity in England, when novel-reading was all the rage, and when two hundred new works of the kind were issued annually by London publishers. In the altered state of public taste at the present time, we should hardly suppose that 'The Divorced' could be a successful novel. We take it, however, that it has succeeded in England, or been buoyed up by more than the usual quantity of puffery; for we are aware of no other criteria by which the re-appearance of a transatlantic production is determined upon here.—Simple merit would hardly prove a sufficient recommendation. On such a ground the printing of these volumes was certainly not advisable. They have little to commend them to a good taste or even to a healthy appetite. The desire to read such a romance must arise from a morbid state of the mind, which was first induced by intellectual aliment not widely dissimilar to what this affords. Our sober advice to young persons is to avoid all such overwrought excitement. It brings on, so to speak, a sort of chronic inflammation of the faculties, which nothing short of a rigidly abstemious literary diet for the future can cure It is better to keep the heart susceptible of influences from gentler causes, from details of narrative less harrowing—we may add less distressing. Even to old stagers like ourselves—who are so used to having our sympathies pulled in all directions that like gum elastic they spring back again to their original position with a slight quiver—there was something distressing in the perusal of this sad record of the retributions which overtook, and are always sure to overtake the guilty.

The mere name of the book suggests the story. We are, *in limine*, introduced to a beautiful woman, who has been divorced from her first husband, and who is now the wife of the man for whose sake she sacrificed her fame. She is the mother of two interesting children, from whom she studiously conceals all knowledge of their disgraceful birth. The son attains the age of twenty and the daughter of eighteen, before they ascertain the fact accidentally from the mouths of others. The effect of this information may be imagined, or at least the effect which it would produce in a novel. Lady Howard, the guilty mother, had felt that she ought herself to have communicated the intelligence. For, as the book says, one day when her son alluded to the story of shame, without knowing that his mother was one of the parties in it, "She half wished her son had pushed the question one point farther; but she had not courage to say, "I am *her*." Had she made this reply, she would have committed an unpardonable solecism in grammar, which must have added to the shock the news would have imparted to her son's sensibilities.

Mortification after mortification, anguish after anguish, loss after loss, are the retributive justice which attends 'The Divorced.' Both her son and daughter die of heart-break; her guilty husband blows out his brains in a fit of rage and intoxication; she is reduced to poverty, and is in dying sustained by a son of her first marriage. She dies unblessed with a single hope for the future. This is a rude, wide outline of this dark picture; the filling up is not without interest, and some considerable talent is exhibited; not enough, however, to excuse the publication of a story which certainly has no moral, but one which has been harped upon till the chord is worn to shivers.

We are indebted for our copy to Messrs. G. & C. & H. Carvill, by whom it is sold in this city for the Philadelphia publishers.

Spirit of the Times.—If there is a more agreeable journal in its way than our friend Porter's, we have never seen it. It is the *vade mecum* of sportsmen. We have heard of one lover of the turf who paid for it a hundred years in advance. It is worthy of such a compliment. Such a journal smooths down the cares of the world. It makes us think that mirth and humor are still extant. We always hail its appearance as that of a happy-visaged, smiling, sunny-tempered friend, who makes us smile for the nonce, though grave as "poor Yorick," (Sterne's, not Shakspeare's.) If we were in adversity ourselves, we could not but rejoice at such a jolly heart's prosperity. In sooth, we are glad to see his old face above a new dress. Not needing improvement in other respects, the Spirit of the Times has just improved its typography. It has a light, elegant air. It looks like a silver tankard, not filled with weak frothy ale, but good *Porter;* none of your light colored stuff, but sound, wholesome brown-stout.

The Motley Book; a Series of Tales and Sketches, by the late Ben Smith.—We welcome this original American work, and feel assured that the want of a formal introduction from foreign authority will be no obstacle to its success; its truth-telling features and frank humor will make it a welcome guest at the fireside. It has no trashy milk-and-water hue in its complexion; it exhibits to us none of the affected grimaces of the fashionable face of foreign society; introduces to our acquaintance no *exclusive* Strephon's 'discouraing sweet music' to lackadaisical Chloes, nor details to us the *delicate* gossip of fashionable flirtations and aristocratical *crim. cons.* If we mistake not, American readers are satiated with foreign sentimentalism; and authors, to be popular, must no longer garnish the feasts they serve with terrors and wonders, that partakers may 'sup full with horror,' nor *dessert* their guests with the sickly sweets of nicely conserved sentiment and pathos;—the more homely fare of every-day scenes and characters, common individuals like our habitual selves, will alone meet with a good hearty consumption. This is as it should be: And we argue from this renovation of taste, an ardent welcome for the 'Motley Book.' In it we are presented with life as it is; not as a continual gloomy pageant of mutes and

mourners, nor as an unvaried farce of clowns and harlequins—but as a proper blending of both. The scenes and characters our author delineates are old familiar objects, and he brings them before us in vivid reality: we do not hesitate as to their genuineness.—The present number contains 'Beelzebub and his cart,' whom—the negro collector of apple pairings and potato pealings—we all know; 'Potter's Field,' no *terra incognita*, and 'Greasy Peterson,' a corner-o'-street grocer—a likeness we cannot fail to adapt. He gives us broad humor, untinctured by indelicacy and pathos, free from the sickliness of over-wrought sentiment. The publisher, James Turney, has done the work justice, in the clear impression and good paper; and to the engraver we are indebted for two apt illustrations; one giving us 'Beelzebub and his cart,' in dark relief, surrounded by an amusing *melee* of bull dog and constable, knife grinder and organist, pig and alderman; the other a Hamlet-looking personage moralizing in Potter's field, with the whole grave population in the dim distance, stalking from below.

"*Clamorous Mediocrity.*"—Mr. "N. C. Brooks, A. M.," the illustrious obscure, who claims the very dubious honor of having elaborated the now unpleasantly notorious "Scriptural Anthology," still kicks against the pricks. The last Baltimore Kaleidoscope, in five separate articles, editorial and communicated, still protests against the literary opinions of the New-Yorker and the Knickerbocker, that "*excellent national periodical*," as the wounded bardling called it, when he deluded himself with the idea that his verses would find favor in the eyes of the editor and (stupendous bribe!) purchase a favorable notice of his weak bantling, instead of being at once "respectfully declined." By the way, if the *accepted* poetry of the Knickerbocker be so indifferent as the "complaining Brooks" pretends, what sort of stuff must that be which is *rejected*? There is only one thing worthy of notice (and perhaps not even that) in the several articles of the Kaleidescope; and that is, the gratuitous assertion, that the editor of the Knickerbocker—and the writer of the review which has been so justly commended by all, save the naturally sore subject of flagellation—is the author of poems favorably reviewed in the last number of the American Quarterly Review; whereas, that gentleman is but an occasional *contributor* to the work, and has not, for the last two years, furnished a line for the review or editorial departments of the popular magazine in question. And now, let us counsel Mr. "N. C. Brooks, A. M.," to cease his prolonged wailings, and to dry his heavy eyes; and, furthermore, to remember the incontrovertible remark of the eminent Marquis D'Argens, that "if criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, all that can be said against them does not defeat them." And this last is doubtless the secret of all the "unvailing sorrow," of our *pseudo* bard.

Atwill, of the Music Saloon, 201 Broadway, has just published several pieces of new and fashionable music. Among them we notice "That thou art lovely who'll deny?"—a beautiful air, which will be found on the last page of our Quarto. There is a very romantic story connected with this song, which we have not room for. The "Miss Lenox Waltz"—"The Rose of Jersey"—"My Childhood's Hours, Farewell," and a variety of other new and popular Music, will be found upon Mr. Atwill's shelves.

Exchange papers.—Our exchange list has grown to such an unreasonable extent, that we find it exceedingly inconvenient to examine more than half the papers which come to hand. Most of those received from the interior are filled with local matters, and to us, are comparatively destitute of interest. With such the "*reciprocity* is all on one side." Heretofore we have made it a practice to send a paper to all who notice our prospectus for a new volume. This rule we shall still adhere to, and, after the first of May next, cut off such *others* as it may be found expedient to dispense with.

Old Maids.—We cannot possibly consent to publish our correspondent's article ridiculing old maids. The joke is somewhat musty. Moreover, we should be doing great violence to our own feelings in speaking unkindly of that misused class of our fellow creatures. We are by no means anti-Malthusian. We agree with Miss Martineau in the opinion, that it is not incumbent upon all persons of both sexes to marry. The world is "being peopled" (to adopt the *new grammaticism*) fast enough,—indeed, too fast, if we may judge from the occasional necessity for a war or a pestilence to thin out the human race, as a gardener does onions, to make what is left grow better.

We—that *is*, the Editor, who pens this paragraph—are a bachelor; what is more, we mean to continue such. We glory in the title. Shall we then consent to a disparagement of our sisters—the old maids? Never. There is no class of society for whom we entertain deeper feelings of compassionate respect than for these venerable spinsters. They are "all alone by themselves" in this sad world; they seem to have nothing to do, and yet to do every thing; the monotony of their busy want of employment is unbroken; they pass their days like "the weary knife-grinder," turning and turning, and sharpening and sharpening their own countenances. As they grow old, their eyes become keener, their chins keener, their noses keener; the two last approximate to the appearance of nut-crackers, and have an untempered blue color, like burnt steel. They vegetate, but do not live. They are as desolate as Palmyra. Every hour do the sands encroach more and more on the oasis of their hopes. We look upon them with affectionate sorrow. Queer similes rush into our minds, typical of their forlorn condition. They would be approached, and are unapproachable. They are like floating lillies in the midst of a standing pool; boys throw stones at them from the brink, because they cannot reach them without wading through the water—and, as this looks cold as ice even in midsummer, no one ventures the experiment; and so they grow yellow and wither in isolated serenity.

Old Maids are fossil remains, petrified specimens, coins of a former century valued only by antiquarians. Gems that have been worn and polished are more precious to the many. They are pieces of antique Gobelin tapestry, which people look at on the wrong side and see only the fuzzy threads. In fine, they are bodily indurations of abstract ideas—metaphysical links separated from the chain of human associations. Yet they are sweet and rare, and of price and bright—and old bachelors, like ourselves love them—that is, so far as is consistent with prudence; though awed by their unapproachable attractions, and by—their eternal knitting needles.

Journal of the American Institute—Contents of No. 4, Vol. III.—Journal of the American Institute; Internal improvement the settled policy of the German empire; Letter from Archduke John, of Austria; Exportation of American machinery; Encouragement of industry by legislation; On the purification and classification of seeds, roots, &c.; Quercitron bark; Notices of the progress and present state of Scotch agriculture; Railroad convention; Address to the people of the state of New-York on do. by Wm. H. Seward, Esq.; Resolution on do.; Auburn and Rochester Railroad, (abstract of a report of the same by Robert Higham, Engineer;) Abridged history of the steamboat; Colt's repeating rifle; Patents issued by the patent office in October and November, 1837; Oscilating locomotive engine; Planing machines; Hays' patent reclining and alleviating chair; Reed's washing machine; Coal basins of Pennsylvania; The Gresham Club; Chapter of facts; Communication on iron ore.

Contents of No. 5.—Journal of the American Institute; Address of General Tallmadge at the tenth annual fair; Edifice of the American Institute; Extract from Gov. Hill's Address to the Merrimac County Society, New-Hampshire; Do. Commissioners of the Agricultural Survey of Mass.; Wheaten bread; Growth of wheat; On the germination of seeds by scalding; Seed wheat steeped in sea-water; Steam navigation; Process of paper-making in the Northampton Paper Mill, Massachusetts; Statistics; Fluctuations in stocks; Items of statistics from Gov. Marcy's message; Sperm whale and whale fishery; Railroads; Electro-magnetic telegraph of Professor Morse; N. Adam's patent power machine for moulding brick; Brooks' patent improved silk spinning and twisting machine; Letter on pressed glass, to Gen. Tallmadge; List of patents issued by the patent office in December, 1837; The Egyptian pyramids; Longevity of the yew tree; Kenhaw salines, Virginia; City of New-York; Example for subscribers to the Journal.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

N. S. Ogden, Esq. has been appointed Cashier of the Phenix Bank, in place of John Delafield, Esq., who has been elected President of the institution.

As near as can be estimated, there are over 400 stores unoccupied in the first ward of this city.

Fire.—A fire broke out in the cellar of a frame house in Forsyth street, on Wednesday last; it was speedily extinguished.

Number of Buildings Erected in New-York in the year of 1836 and 1837.—The Inspector last evening, presented to the Corporation his annual return of the number of buildings erected in this city from which it appears that during the year 1837 there were erected 840 buildings of all descriptions, being 986 less than were erected in 1836."

Craniology.—The Phrenological rooms of Barlow and Fowler, 286 Broadway, offer a great attraction to such as feel an interest in that science. As "animal magnetism" has been exploded, this is again the most popular of all humbugs.

Caution to Shinplaster Agents.—Charles Tozer, who was indicted some time since for fabricating and circulating fictitious notes of the Jefferson Banking Co., was, on Saturday last, tried and convicted of the offence.

Paper Issues.—It is estimated that nearly 700,000 news papers are published in this city every week.

An unkind cut.—The jury has given 3000 dollars damages against the editor of the Sun, for a libel on A. S. Garr, Esq.

Rotation in office.—The Governor has appointed Robert H. Morris, Esq. to the office of Recorder of this city in place of Richard Riker, Esq. whose term expires in April next. The pickpockets and "wharf rats," who infest the "great metropolis," have long desired a change of this kind, as they are all "marked men" in the eyes of Mr. Riker.

A new Labor-saving Machine.—Mr. Rogers, No. 410 Broadway, has invented an ingenious apparatus for striking the City Hall bell on an alarm of fire. It is both simple and durable, and will continue striking for an hour, with re-setting. As it supersedes the labor of rope-pulling, and can be arranged to strike for any district, we doubt not but the city authorities will avail themselves of it.

The family of Sir Francis Head, and Mrs. Dalrymple, sister of Sir Francis, sailed in the ship Wellington, for London, on Wednesday.

It is with regret and mortification we learn that Lady Head was treated with great rudeness and incivility at Rochester, while upon her journey to this city. This is an outrage which would disgrace the barbarian of the wilderness, and throws '*Lynching*' completely in the shade.

We were mistaken in saying that Sir Francis Head himself had arrived here. He will remain at his post until relieved by Colonel Arthur, who is daily expected in the packet ship Sampson.

Extension of Canal-street.—Since the destruction of the American Theatre, great efforts have been made by those interested in city improvements, to prevail upon the corporation to open Canal-street through to the Bowery. That this desirable measure will be soon acted upon, we cannot for a moment doubt.

Mortality.—The City Inspector reports that the number of interments during the week ending on Saturday last was 116, of whom 26 died of consumption, and 20 of inflamation of the chest.

Good News for Epicures.—The completion of a railroad communication between this city and Washington will enable us to procure fresh shad here upon the same day they are caught in the Potomac. In a few weeks we may expect the first *invoice*, as preparations are making to supply our market.

It is supposed that there are in this city at least 10,000 laborers who are destitute of employment.

From the Frontier.—Gen. Brady has called on Gov. Mason for six companies of troops, with necessary officers, to preserve tranquility on the frontier; stating that he had received information of certain movements of the patriots, that would require a larger force than he had under his command. Large numbers of men are assembled at various points on Lake Erie and Detroit river, and are waiting for a commander. Duncombe is said to be in or near Detroit, having escaped from Canada by disguising himself in female apparel.

A large public meeting was held on the 13th ult. at Huron, Ohio, upon the subject of Canadian grievances. Gen. McLeod addressed the meeting, the result of which was that a large amount of provisions were raised and forwarded to the quarters of the army at Sandusky.

The Montpelier (Vermont) Watchman of Monday, says: "We have rumors of no little excitement this side of the line, arising from a report that Gen. Wool has orders to seize arms supposed to be intended for Canada, etc.

Gen. Scott arrived here from Albany on Saturday, via. New Haven, on his way to Washington. On Sunday, learning by special advice from Washington, or by the Washington newspapers, that trouble was again brewing on the Michigan frontier, he immediately changed his purpose, and set off for Albany, intending to proceed thence to Buffalo by the most rapid conveyances.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Sir John Harvey sanctioned on the 21st January the Act passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick providing 1200 men for two years to march out of the country, if needful, and providing for their bounty, pay and allowances, as in the British army. The Act also allows the Lieutenant Governor to raise 300 by ballot for provincial service.

CANADA.—A bill is before the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, granting a pension to Shepard McCormick, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, during life, "for the several wounds received by that gentleman in the gallant capture and destruction of the piratical steamer Caroline!"

The same house of Assembly have passed resolutions condemning the conduct of the Americans in allowing the possession of Navy Island; and declaring that "Great Britain has a right to reparation not only for the expense incurred by this country in defending itself from aggression, but for the lives of British subjects murdered by the Navy Island pirates."

The citizens of Toronto presented a farewell address to Sir F. Head, on the 5th inst. which the Chronicle says received 1600 signatures.

A general illumination of the city of Montreal is to take place on the occasion of the induction of Sir John Colborne in the chief magistracy of the Canadas. That ceremony, however, has been postponed.

At Malden the greatest commotion existed among the Regulars, in consequence of which the Militia, which had been disbanded were again ordered out.

Result of Gambling.—A few days since, as the steamboat Gen. Pike was on its way from Cincinnati to Louisville, a quarrel ensued between a party of blacklegs on board, who were playing card, when one of the number named McGee was shot through the side, dangerously but not mortally.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

"Sam, where's my hat?" demanded a gentleman, on leaving a brilliant soiree on Tuesday evening last.

"Please massa, what sort o' hat?"

"A new Leary, Sam—never worn but once."

"Ah, massa, you's too late—all de *new* Learys gone an hour ago! Here's a berry good cap, massa."

"Pray, sir," said a grocer to a gentleman on 'Change the other day—"Pray, sir, what is sugar to-day?"

"What is it to-day?" replied the wag, "why, *syrup boiled down*."

There is a man in Michigan so long that it takes him three hours to get straight.

Wonder if he isn't the fellow who was forced to kneel down to unscrew the weather-cock on the old South Church of Boston?

Not the same *individooal*: on the contrary, quite the *reverse*. The former is much the taller, as it takes a glass of lemonade four hours to find its way down his throat. The latter requires but two hours to get to sleep all over.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—This singular infirmity is becoming astonishingly prevalent, if reliance mey be placed upon the following:

The frogs in a pond in the vicinity of Cincinnati on a pleasant day poked up their heads above the surface of the water for the purpose of enjoying the sunshine, in which situation they were frozen up. They did not find out their mistake till the boys commenced skating off their heads for amusement.

COOPERAGE.—An editor in Boston lately got such a large idea into his head that his friends were obliged to hoop his noddle lest it should crack open.

A wise man of Gotham, who chanced to be a little deaf, looked in the glass while speaking to see how his voice sounded to other people.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.—A man named *Death*, who lives in a neighboring town, is said to be so prodigiously ugly, that the woolly head of a negro, who accidentally met him in the street, was turned *white* in an instant. It was said to be a first rate specimen of Saxony wool. The negro was afterwards regularly sheared every spring. Cincinnati News.

He don't come up to a man in this city, though, who is so ugly that he can't sleep at nights, but is obliged to wake up every two hours to rest his face!

The hens have held a meeting near Philadelphia, and resolved not to lay eggs at ten cents a dozen. Philad'a paper.

If they will only emigrate to Houston, (remarks the Texas Telegraph,) they may lay eggs at the rate of two dollars a dozen.

ETHIOPIAN PHILOSOPHY.—"I wonder," says Cæsar, rising and rubbing the mud from his holiday suit, "why de deuce de sun no shine dese dark nights, Cato, and not always keep shining in de day time when dere's no need of him.

POSTCRIPT TO A LETTER.—"Tell Miss Sally, that I dreampt t'other night that she and me was married, and the way I felt happy warn't slow, I tell you."

An editor ever so far off gives us an excuse for the late appearance of his paper, that he is printing the trial and dying speech of a condemned individual, and is hurrying to get the pamphlet off before the hanging. Boston Post.

MATRIMONY.—"You ought to marry." "Never." "I know a good girl for you." "Let me alone." "But perhaps, you—pshaw!—you don't know her. She is young." "Then she is sly." "Beautiful." "The more dangerous." "Of good family." "Then she is proud." "Tender-hearted." "Then she is jealous." "She has talents."—"To kill me." "And one hundred thousand dollars." "I will take her."

A Washington letter writer compares M. Adams speaking to an *eagle* screaming. A friend remarks that he reminds him more of a Fishhawk in fits. Charleston Mercury.

A Western Editor, who has but a lean subscription list, was requested to send his paper and take his pay 'in trade.' At the expiration of the year, he discovered that his new subscriber was a *coffin-maker*.

One of Graham's disciples in Cincinnati is recommending "soap-suds sweetened with molasses" as a substitute for coffee.—From the same source we hear that they are *now* making *real* pork sausages in Ohio, because that is cheaper than red flannel or brown paper. The writer says that hogs are slaughtered by thousands. The air is filled with the shrieks of dying victims, and the very streets run blood, *which freezes and makes capital sliding*.

TO SAVE BUTTER.—Make it so salt that nobody can eat it.

THEATRES.

THE PARK.—*La Petite Augusta*, a new aspirant to histrionic celebrity, and the musical extravaganza of 'Zazezizozu,' constitute the chief attractions which have been served up by the indefatigable manager during the past week. Of Miss Maywood we have spoken in a former number, and it only remains for us now to say that her success has been complete, and that the treasury must have been greatly benefited by her engagement.

We did not witness the tragic attempt of the *debutante*, but understand from a friend that his performance was highly creditable. First appearances are generally failures, and we avoid them as we do a rheumatism.

'Zazezizozu' is one of the most ridiculous, yet laughable burlettas that we have ever witnessed. Those who recollect the '*Card Party*,' can form some idea of 'this amusing trifle,' and should not neglect seeing it.

THE NATIONAL.—Mr. Booth commenced a short engagement at this theatre on Wednesday evening. The house was well filled, and his performance is said to have elicited great applause. In some parts Mr. Booth has no equal, and the character of Richard is one of them. We understand (for we seldom visit this theatre) that the extravaganza of 'Zazezizozu' has been brought out by Mr. Wallack with great effect.

Mr Vandenhoff is daily expected in this city. He has run through his line of characters at the South with considerable success. Miss Tree, by the last accounts, was at New-Orleans; Miss Clifton at Mobile; Augusta at Boston; Madam Caradori at Philadelphia, and Forrest at Baltimore.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the second edition of the Albany Journal of the 21st inst. we learn that the Committee of Conference appointed by the Assembly to confer with a similar Committee from the Senate, on the subject of the *Small Bill Law*, have reported that they "*have not been able to come to an agreement upon the matters in difference.*"

Married,

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Dewey, Edward A. Weeks, of this city, to Emeline Wainwright, eldest daughter of Francis Carnes, Esq., of Paris.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Eubert, John P. Stremmel to Sophia Charlotte Ertel, both of this city

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Orville Dewey, Henry W. Root to Catharine Augusta, daughter of Dr. Jacob Rabineau, all of this city.

On Wednesday, at the Broome-st caurch, by the Rev. Dr. Van Vranker, Obed Gridley, Esq., to Sarah R. Finch, all of this city.

On Wednesday, by the Rev. Wm. Patton, John McClean to Sarah Green, all of this city.

Died,

On Sunday, Dorinda Dunlap, relic of the late Gustavus M. Dunlap, in the 21st year of her age.

On Sunday, John Anderson, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland.

On Monday, Mrs. Margaret Ketchum, in the 65th year of her age.

On Monday, Mary Kingsland, only daughter of Peter and Sarah Morris, in the 18th year of her age.

On Tuesday, Rachael, widow of Nath'l McCoskry, aged 54 years.

On Tuesday, Ann Bijotat, aged 69, widow of Rev. Silvain Bijotat, deceased.

At South Bend, St. Josephs co. Indiana, on the 18th ult. of a consumption, Mary, daughter of William Van Wyck of Claverack, Columbia co. N. Y. aged about 26. (Hudson papers, and those of Sussex co N. J. will please copy.)

NEW AND ADMIRED MUSIC.—ATWILL, at his Music Saloon, is constantly publishing new Music. The following are some of the most popular:

"The Guests were bidden," from "Fair Rosamond."
"My Childhood's hours farewell," do do
Mine must be the timid tear, do do
The Minstrel woo'd a beauteous Maid, do do
The Lily no longer my brow, &c. do do
Not for me—not for me, from "Catherine Gray."
Sweet Peace, true Harbinger, do do
Oh! could I love him, do do
The Rose of Jersey, from The Blanche of Jersey.
The Shepherd's evening bell, do do
"True love can ne'er forget," a favorite ballad from the songs of "The Legends and Traditions of Ireland," as sung by Mad. CARADORI ALLAN, written and composed by Samuel Lover.
"Happy am I, from care I'm free," the popular song as sung by Mr. Richings, in Le dieu et la Bayadere.
"She wove a Wreath of Roses," as sung by Mrs. Wood.
The Charming Woman "The Nice Young Man."
Crow Quadrilles. Victoria Quadrilles.
New editions of Augusta Waltzes, Wreath Quadrilles.
New Marches, Duetts, Waltzes, &c. &c. &c.
Catalogues given, and Music sent to any part of the city, gratis, at
ATWILL'S Music Saloon,
F10 201 Broadway, sign Golden Lyre.

COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.—The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects. By GEORGE COMBE. Eighth American Edition, materially revised and enlarged. For sale at the Phrenological Book-store, by
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MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Lectures on Moral Philosophy; delivered before the "Edinburgh Philosophical Society," and reported for the "Edinburgh Chronicle." By GEORGE COMBE, Esq. For sale by
F10 2t GEORGE O. BARTLETT, No. 109 Fulton st.

THE NEW-YORKER.

On the 24th day of March next, the subscribers will commence the Fifth Volume of their journal, both Folio and Quarto editions. No endeavors have thus far been spared to render it worthy the patronage and esteem of the public, and a corresponding spirit will animate our future exertions. Recent arrangements have been effected, securing an accession of talent and energy in the Editorial conduct of the work, and insuring greater variety as well as strength in this department of the enterprise. It has been deemed a lesson of experience that the union of all the branches of Editorial labor, in a work so comprehensive as ours, in the hands of a single individual—who is thus compelled to pay simultaneous and unceasing attention to Literature, Politics, Foreign Affairs, Domestic Occurrences, and every subject of interest—is not so well calculated to secure the highest efficiency in these various departments as a system which embraces a partial though not absolute division of intellectual labor. Under this conviction, the active assistance as well as counsel of a gentleman favorably known in the higher walks of Literature have been secured for the ensuing year, and that portion of the paper more especially known as Literary will be placed under his charge. The Political department, with a general supervision of the entire work, will remain with him who has hitherto been known to the public as the Editor of the work. The City and Foreign Department will devolve more especially upon Dr. ELDRIDGE, who will also lend his aid in advancing the literary reputation of the paper. It is believed that by this arrangement a more complete and effective knowledge of the subjects treated of will be insured, while a more real and palpable variety—a variety of manner as well as matter—will result to our journal and its readers.

Of the general character of The New-Yorker it is unnecessary to speak, since we do not propose to change that which it has borne from its establishment. Circulating for the last two years from 6,000 to 9,000 copies per week, through every State and city, and nearly every county, in the Union—it cannot be presumed unknown to the educated and intelligent. To those who have not hitherto made its acquaintance, it may be proper to state that it is characterized by two objects: the one, of combining the greatest practicable amount of useful and elevating information with the highest general interest; the other, of disseminating truth so far as possible divested of the jaundice of prejudice and the cant of party. In short, our motto is Impartiality, as distinguished from the support of this or that party, clique, or faction, whether in literature or politics. In conforming to this outline, great care is taken against falling into the pernicious error—more fatal than the one we oppose—of suppressing or withholding important truth because it has been made the theme of partisan conflict. In regard to literature, we shall freely express our own opinions, but accord a fair hearing to whatever may stand opposed to them. In politics, our strictures on public measures and political doctrines will evince a freedom tempered at all times by courtesy; and it will be our untiring aim to exhibit the views of all parties and sects, as set forth by their leaders and oracles. In this manner, we hope to render our journal a more lucid and perfect history of the political contests of the times than can fairly be expected from any partisan paper. A concise account of all political movements—conventions, nominations, &c.—will be given, as well as of the results of all Elections, and tables of the popular votes cast therein.—But, without entering further into particulars, we may say that we shall endeavor to publish such a journal as shall be deemed inferior in merit and scope to no weekly periodical; and we hope to render it popular without emptying into it whole Novels, Annuals and Jest-Books, and to win readers and patrons without offering them a bribe of a dozen romances as a temptation.

THE NEW-YORKER is published in two forms—the Folio, or the common newspaper form, every Saturday morning, on a large imperial sheet, at Three Dollars per annum, or Five Dollars for two copies. As a further inducement to uniting in subscriptions, five copies will be sent for Ten Dollars remitted absolutely in advance, and any larger number in proportion.

The Quarto edition is issued every Saturday evening, on a larger and finer sheet, intended expressly for binding. Each number contains sixteen large pages of three columns each, including a page of popular Music, and excluding advertisements. It forms two ample volumes of 432 pages each per annum, and is afforded at Four Dollars a year. Three copies, however, will be sent for Ten Dollars; and Five Dollars remitted free of charge will be credited eighteen months. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited.

H. GREELEY & CO. Proprietors,
No. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

Specimen copies cheerfully forwarded when required.

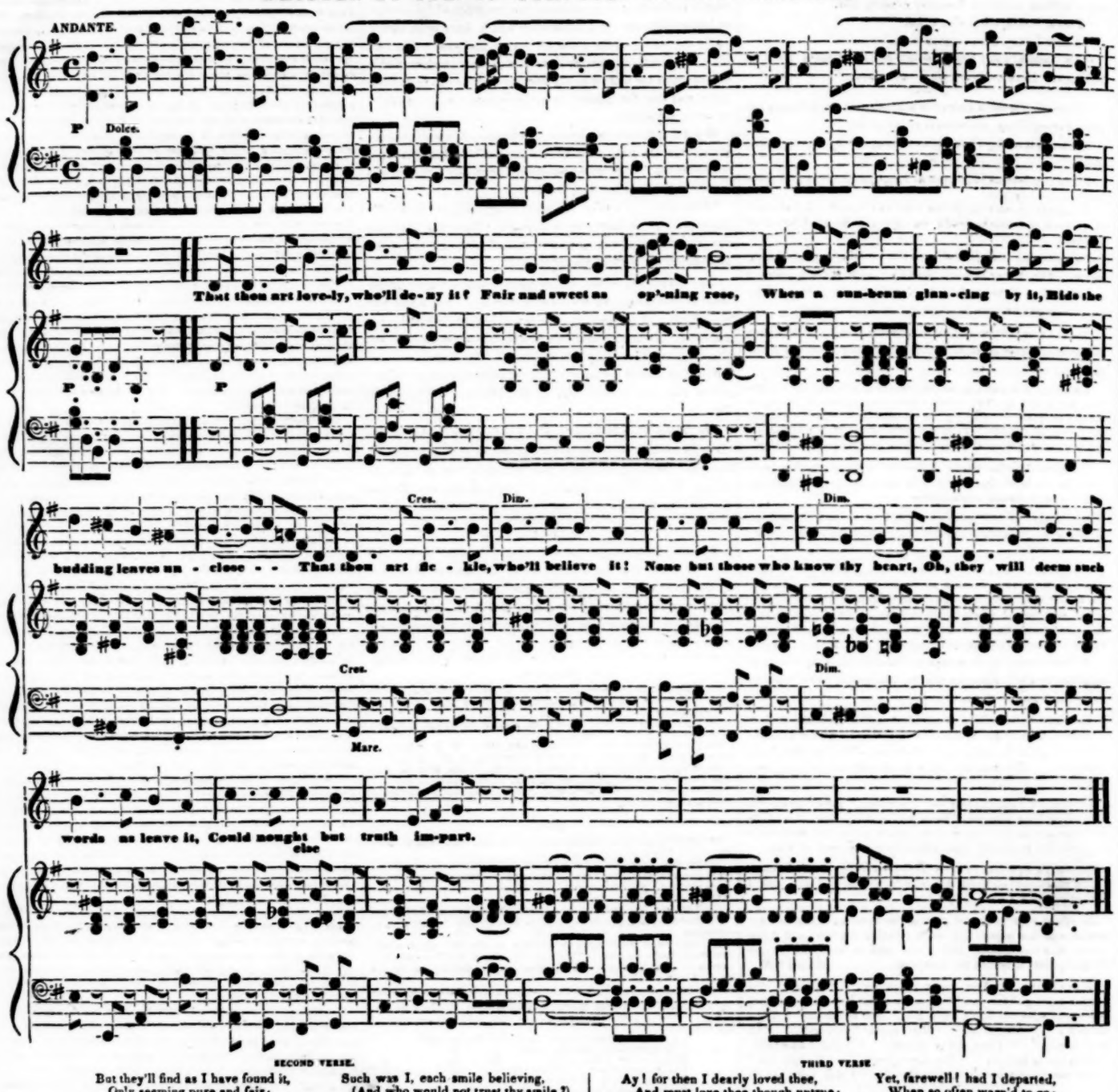
*** Subscribers to our New Volume who send us the full price in advance, ($3 per annum for Folio, $4 for Quarto,) will be supplied *gratis* with the numbers of the present Volume from the receipt of their money to the commencement of the New Volume.

☞ The Editors of those papers with which we exchange, *and those only*, are requested to copy our Prospectus, including this note.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.—This day is published—A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, AND THE RIGHTS OF LITERARY PROPERTY.—BY AN AMERICAN.—"There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness; between duty and advantage; between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity."—*Washington's Inaugural Address*, 1789. Adlard & Saunders, 46 Broadway. Jan. 20-3t

THAT THOU ART LOVELY, WHO'LL DENY.

WRITTEN BY COL. V.—COMPOSED BY H. C. LITOLFF.



SECOND VERSE.

But they'll find as I have found it,
Only seeming pure and fair;
With smiles deceitful glowing round it,
To allure the thoughtless there;
Such was I, each smile believing,
(And who would not trust thy smile?)
I ne'er deem'd they were deceiving,
Till too late I found their guile.

THIRD VERSE

Ay! for then I dearly loved thee,
And must love thee though untrue;
Though as light as air I've proved thee,
Evanescent as the dew:
Yet, farewell! had I departed,
When so often warn'd to go;
I had not gone thus broken hearted,
Accusing thee of all my woe!

For the New-Yorker.

TO LOUISE.

Ah, Nature's fair hath hid her face!
Her genial breath no more we trace
Upon the flowers and trees;
But in my heart Love's flowerets fair
Are cherished fondly and with care,
For thee, my sweet Louise!

And Winter stalks with giant form,
His mantle ice, his voice a storm,
His breath the moaning breeze;
But yet Joy's fount he may not chill—
And what hath power to foil his skill?
Thy smile, my bright Louise!

Earth's fairest things are prison'd deep,
And o'er them Frost his watch doth keep,
And shakes his icy keys;
But ah, the soul is ever free,
And fondest thoughts gush forth for thee,
My own, my dear Louise!

Albany, Feb. 6, 1838. A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

HYMN—BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

My God! I would no longer be
A slave to sin, a foe to thee:
I would renounce all other sway,
And thy commands alone obey.

My sluggish soul to thee would rise,
And shake the slumbers from her eyes:
Oh let thy grace the effort own,
And make me henceforth thine alone.

Why should affection, hope, desire,
On worldly themes exhaust their fire?
Why should my powers descend so low,
And nobler, loftier themes forego?

Let thy good spirit change my heart,
And holy love and fear impart;
Devotion's heavenly flame instil,
And all my soul with goodness fill.

When first the morning light I see,
May my freed soul ascend to thee;
And, on my nightly pillow laid,
To thee my latest thoughts be paid.

Let every waking, active hour
Confess thy guidance and thy power;
And when the last dread scene shall close,
Oh may my soul in thee repose!

Boston Morning Post.